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THE

NATION

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DAVID VOGEL
U.S. Business
Misses the Point
WHAT NOT TO
LEARN FROM BRITAIN

Oil Independence Up the Flue
THE FURNACE GADGET YOU CAN'T BUY

ROBERT SHERRILL

O. EDMUND CLUBB on CHINA

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LETTERS

The Nation on deck

Katonah, N.Y.

Your publication is remarkably constructive. Not only do you rouse me out of my mental torpor with the piercing grasp on public reality of Richard Falk's "Rejecting the Faustian Bargain" [Mar. 13], and set me on one of the most enlightening experiences ever with Victor Lebow's review of George Lodge's book, *The New American Ideology* [Mar. 6] but you delight me with the ever-so-delicate perception of human experience encompassed in Susan Bartels's forty-one words, called "The Transforming" [Apr. 10]. Who cannot be hopeful of our future with persons like this on deck?

Pat Munk

screen credits

Philadelphia, Pa.

Arthur S. Miller's provocative article, "The Constitution in Retreat" [*The Nation*, Apr. 10], carried the chilling caption "Nixon's Last Laugh." If the Republicans lose the big election in November (through no fault of the Democratic contenders), Hollywood will inevitably produce an epic thriller about the Ford Presidency entitled *The San Clemente Connection*. Reagan could make a triumphant return to the silver screen as the disgruntled Richard Nixon, a one-dimensional but leading role. I suspect Ringo Starr would balk at the idea of playing Kissinger. No one would care who played Gerald Ford. The part will probably be assigned to a stunt man.

Richard Rogers

wisdom vs. 'intelligence'

Winter Park, Fla.

I would like to point out one aspect of the Hiss controversy which has been overlooked. It is the great obsession with espionage in this country. I doubt if there has ever been a battle, let alone a war, that has been decided by the use of espionage. Bruce Lockhart, in *Memoirs of a British Agent*, noted that, "My experiences of the war and of the Russian revolution have left me with a very poor opinion of secret service work." Yet today the public, and even supposedly expert opinion, would have us believe the opposite. . . .

Hiss was supposed to have taken "military secrets" and other secret data. I doubt that there were any secrets in the country in 1937 worth stealing. If the Russians were paying money out for American secrets, it must have been money wasted.

We should give more attention to wisdom than to this business of intelligence. . . . Rep. Otis Pike was asked what is meant by "national security" and he didn't know. In fact, I don't think anyone really knows. It seems to me that it is a catchall term which allows the Defense Department to formulate foreign policy.

Robert E. Walters

more muscle than froth

Ashland, Ore.

I have only one quibble with Mary Ellen Leary's excellent article, "What Makes Jerry Run?" [*The Nation*, Mar. 27]. She refers to the California Democratic Council, now admittedly not a great political power, as having had, even in its heyday, a "frothy, unsubstantial flavor that has never been a significant factor in a major California race. . . ."

I observed the council closely from 1954 until 1969 and I would challenge this. Just one example: CDC was a major factor in 1958 when the state went Democratic for the first time since 1938. It helped turn California politics around and, in coalition with other organizations, produced the victory that put the father of the present Governor in office. Edmund G. Brown Sr. was to call it for a time his "good right arm," and a substantial part of the strength in that arm was the ability to organize and do volunteer precinct work of a type and intensity seldom seen in California politics. There was nothing frothy or unsubstantial about those election returns.

Steve Murdoch

Cover drawing: Uluschak, Edmonton Journal (Canada)

EDITORIALS

Voyage of Discovery

The best hope for Secretary of State Kissinger's current trip to Africa is that, by keeping his eyes and ears open, he will learn something from it. That is, that his gaze will not be fixed on Moscow as he flies over the jungles and plains of that neglected continent and that his ears will not be constantly attuned to the global intelligence network, crackling with the latest word on Communist "triumphs."

Kissinger has a lot to learn about Africa on his first trip there since he became Secretary of State. And he has a lot to unlearn. Nowhere in the world is his strategic tunnel vision more of an affliction, blocking off his appreciation of the proper American policy toward this continent of 300 million people struggling toward genuine independence. If on his hop, skip, and jump around the Dark Continent he sees nothing but Communists behind every plantain tree and Cuban Gurkhas (to use Daniel P. Moynihan's colorful inaccuracy) lurking in the bush, he will come home with the same prejudices he packed for the journey, but with those reinforced.

It was Kissinger, after all, who wrote the spectacularly wrong National Security memorandum of January 2, 1970, which froze the Nixon administration into rigid pro-colonialism during the period when Portugal, the last European power to hold on in Africa, was being forced to let go. He has since, of course, loudly blamed Moscow and Havana for our faction's "loss" of Angola once the Portuguese were gone. The fault was in our policy, but that admission is too much to ask of Kissinger.

The errors of that 1970 policy memorandum did not end with the matter of the future in store for the Portuguese colonies of Mozambique and Angola. They went on into a general "tilt" toward relying on the white-run regimes of Rhodesia and South Africa. Not only did the Kissinger-Nixon-Ford policy show scant sympathy for the aspirations of the huge majorities of blacks in those white-controlled countries but positive steps were taken, often covertly, to encourage the intransigence of the colonialist regimes. Congress must bear a large share of the blame for these policies, as evidenced by the notorious Byrd amendment which authorized our government to violate the U.N. boycott on imports of Rhodesian chrome (of which metal, incidentally, we possessed a huge reserve).

The strategic thinking, if it can be called that, underlying this satchelful of wrong-headed policies was that the Communists would rapidly and permanently move into any vacuum created by the withdrawal of the European powers. But the actual history is utterly different; that is one of the lessons Kissinger the historian should learn on his journey. Both Russians and Chinese did indeed try to move into what they believed was that classic post-imperial vacuum. They established footholds here and there, built a railroad or two, supplied arms and set up trade missions. But the footholds soon became toeholds and the grips of both Communist powers in such countries as Ghana and Guinea, not to mention Egypt, were forcibly removed by the rulers of the new nations themselves.

The lesson was clear: these Africans had no desire to replace one kind of dependency with another, whatever its

ideological stripe. That is, the lesson was clear to those who would learn it, a company that did not include Henry A. Kissinger and his two Presidents.

If one can generalize about a whole continent (and in the case of Africa, once entirely colonial except for Ethiopia, perhaps one can), the overwhelming drive there today is for real and total independence. It is only because independence has not yet reached all of southern Africa, and that Rhodesia and South Africa are still almost lily-white enclaves in an overpowering dark mass, that the Communist powers can still profit from their anti-colonialist postures. To the extent that the United States acts to slow the movement toward the assumption of power by the black majorities, this country makes possible the interference of Russia and China in African affairs.

Will Kissinger see that on his trek? Or will he continue to encourage the stubborn Ian Smith's refusal to turn the government of Rhodesia over to the 96 per cent black population? Will he help to slow down South Africa's glacial movement toward black rights and eventual black control of that rich country? Is he capable of encouraging, with money and trade agreements, the stability of governments like those in Zambia and Tanzania?

It all depends on whether the American Secretary of State can keep his eyes open and thus discover a new (for him) "concept," to borrow his favorite term. That concept is that a truly independent African continent, from top to bottom, from Alexandria to the Cape of Good Hope, would much more likely be friendly to the Western democracies than to the despotisms of the East.

Kissinger Lifts a Finger

On April 21, there leapt from the pages of U.S. newspapers the story that *for the first time and at last* the State Department had protested some cases of human rights violation in Chile, a country lying tortured under the brutal military rule of General Pinochet. What is striking, and profoundly depressing, is that it took a case of *lèse majesté* against the United States Congress to move Kissinger's functionaries to take this action.

Three Democratic Congressmen (Anthony Moffett of Connecticut, Thomas Harkin of Iowa and George Miller of California) went down to Chile last month on a private visit, to see for themselves whether it was true, as Amnesty International and other organizations had long been claiming and documenting, that the Pinochet government, which we helped to install and which we have been lavishly helping with arms and money, was one of the nastiest in the world. The Congressmen talked to dozens of victims of the dictator, and came away convinced that the reports of bloody repression were substantially true.

Then the incredible happened. Pinochet's strong-arm men began persecuting the very Chileans with whom the Congressmen had talked. That was too much even for Kissinger, author of the infamous Track I and Track II programs designed to cause the 1973 coup. He had an assistant call in the Chilean ambassador "to express grave concern." It is clear that this slap on the wrist would never have been administered if Congressmen had not been involved and if there had not been threats to expose in Congress the barbarities of the Chilean dictatorship, and

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perhaps to withhold funds. Kissinger has barely lifted a finger before this; he adheres to the theory that there can be no restoration of democratic rule in Santiago until the economy is back on track (Track III?). This despite Pinochet's declaration that "There will be no elections in Chile in my lifetime nor in the lifetime of my successor."

After all this, will Kissinger go to the OAS foreign ministers' meeting in Santiago in June and will he smile at, even hug, Pinochet and Co.? Will he proclaim within ear-shot of the screams of the tortured a new "era of good feeling"? He has done it before and nothing of the sort should be put past him. Kissinger's extreme moral blindness tarnishes all of his fellow Americans.

Puddle Jumpers

It is not that American businessmen are stupider than their contemporaries in other fields; it is just that they necessarily pursue short-sighted ends. That is one conclusion to be drawn from David Vogel's article in this issue which documents the entirely wrong lessons the business world in America is "learning" from the experience of the no longer "Great" Britain.

England, which for at least a century dominated the world of international capitalism and thrived on it for most of that time, is today a horrid example for American businessmen. They believe that the United States is blindly going down that same fatal road and that we will end in the same bog of capitalist failure, redistributing what is left of past riches instead of creating new wealth. And, they tend to think, socialistic welfarism was the villain of the British failure and will be of our own.

Businessmen generally make bad social prophets, which is not to say that intellectuals have been infallible. But a particular deformation in the capitalist way of looking at things skews the long view of a country's development. The currently fashionable term for it is profit-maximization. That notion has venerable ancestors in the world of economic liberalism, as it was once called. The idea was that a free and unrestrained marketplace, open to every kind of competition, was the great stimulus to man's productive energies and, finally, the natural regulator of all his social activities. It was the theoretically ideal system for economic man.

The trouble was with the nature of that man. The theory taught him that it was right and proper for him to invest his money wherever it would most increase his profits. In the case of Britain, as modern scholarship has emphasized and Vogel points out, the owners of that country's wealth began vigorously exporting their capital and their technology in the late 19th century, much of it to the United States. This country prospered as a result but in the British Isles there began a decline in productivity which continues to this day. The Princeton economist Robert Gilpin dates the British "crossover" (when the costs exceeded the benefits to the nation of investments abroad) in the 1890s. Using the same sort of calculation, Gilpin has put the American "crossover" in the mid-1960s.

Economists will differ on when, and indeed whether, this phenomenon has occurred in the United States. The multinational corporations, which are the main instruments for the exportation of capital, jobs and technology,

are still being hailed as the ultimate result of the American genius for business organization. Alarm bells on their unrestrained activity are still being rung mainly in the headquarters of labor unions, which see American workers being replaced by underpaid foreign labor.

But the time must be nearly at hand when it will become fixed in the national consciousness that these giant, rootless American corporations are hardly suitable bodies to determine the economic future of a country of 215 million people. Now they are virtually unhampered in their drive to export capital and therefore this country's potentiality for growth. But soon that power to determine the nation's future must be taken from these huge and irresponsible corporations and placed in the hands of a government responsive to the needs of the country as a whole and for the long run.

If American businessmen do not understand why this must happen it is because they have misread the history of uncontrolled capitalism in Great Britain.

Common Man

On April 13, Charles Hopkins, owner of a small Baltimore restaurant, burst into that city's offices, gun in hand, killed Councilman Dominic M. Leone and wounded another councilman, a secretary and a policeman, before himself being shot down. The tragedy was reported in detail next day by *The Washington Post*.

Mr. Hopkins was a man with a grievance. He had been engaged in a long-standing dispute with his landlord, was faced with eviction and believed that his problem had not received from the city council the attention it merited. Some time earlier he had burned an American flag to express his displeasure over what he took to be official indifference, and had been duly fined. After the shooting, people who knew Hopkins described him as "intelligent" and "likable."

It is a sadly familiar story: irrational slaughter by a person made lethally deranged by personal troubles is an occurrence that repeats somewhere in the country at almost predictable intervals. And typically enough, Hopkins had no specific "enemies" in mind; he shot at targets of opportunity.

But there was a single exception, which it seems to us warrants comment in this otherwise "routine" case of a man run amok. At one point, Hopkins vaulted over a reception-area railing and pointed his gun at a man sitting there. The alarmed target cried out, "I ain't nobody!" Hopkins held his fire. But then Councilman Leone, who was obviously "somebody," shouted "What's the matter, fella?" and a bullet plowed into his stomach. Hopkins, it would seem, recognized the first man: victim and gunman, they were both nobodies.

It is terrifying, and it is also very sad, when a human being loses his reason and quenches his anguish in violence. It seems so meaningless, and yet it has meaning. Hopkins, from what the *Post* tells us, was not one to kill at random merely because he was on the outs with his landlord. In essence, he killed because he had been made to feel a "nobody." It is an excellent way to get your picture in the papers. Hopkins, it may well be, was of unsound mind to begin with; luckily enough, not everyone who feels

crushed by anonymity resorts to gunfire. But that comes to the same thing—if anyone had looked at Hopkins, really seen him, whether a doctor, a social worker, or a city functionary, he would almost certainly not be lying critically wounded in a hospital today, with innocent blood on his hands. This country is 200 years old and has grown prodigiously in the double century. Accordingly, it suffers many aspects of the curse of bigness, and perhaps the most poignant of them, sometimes the most dangerous, is that it spawns too many people who must recognize that, in any real meaning of identity, they are “nobody.”

No Kidding!

Whatever else the forthcoming national election brings, we can at least hope it produces a Presidential press secretary not named Ron. There has been a run of Rons, or so it seems, and the latest of the breed is no more a credit to his post than was his forerunner, Ziegler, the Ron who lied for Nixon.

The current Ron chose to appear on television the other night, not in his normal role as the badgered soothsayer of the White House but as a comic—of a sort. The political aim was apparently to “humanize” the President and his mouthpiece. The chosen device was “humor” of the sort the home screen gives out in the night’s late hours, verbal horseplay of the laughtrack variety.

The President’s humanization stint (taped earlier at the White House) was to imitate the identifying line of the program’s professional comic by staring into the camera and saying, “I’m Gerald Ford—and you’re not!” With that identity crisis solved, the resident Ron came on and, in the course of his turn, told the viewing millions that part of his job was to “explain what the President said, what the President meant, what the President bumped his head on and what the President mispronounced.”

As part of his contribution to the dignity of the Presidency, Nessen also played the part of historian, attributing Nixon’s win in 1968 to his “cameo” appearance on an ancestor of NBC’s Saturday night comedy hour, *Laugh-In*, where he repeatedly got off the immortal line, “Sock it to ‘em.” That sentiment, as many will recall,

seemed to serve as the motto of the Nixon administration.

In the telly world there’s exposure and overexposure. The first is considered good, the latter bad. We would suggest that even one appearance on a show like Chevy Chase’s *Night Live* is overexposure for a President or even his spokesman. Is it any wonder that opinion polls show a continuing decline in public respect for the governing institutions of this country? The only silver lining we can detect in all this, and it’s rather tarnished, is that it is difficult for the country’s chief magistrate to be both “imperial” and a TV gagster. On the other hand, Nero fiddled and Heliogabalus made his horse a Senator.

Graceful Living

Apparently federal workers are nibbling us to death. This is no fantasy of Ronald Reagan or any of the other “anti-government” candidates for high office but a cold calculation by the General Accounting Office, which works for Congress. The GAO has figured out that unauthorized extra time for lunch is costing the taxpayers \$1.2 billion a year in lost “productivity.”

Accepting for the sake of discussion the very notion of bureaucratic productivity, one should note that Civil Service regulations stipulate a digestion-ruining thirty minutes for lunch. In a place like the Pentagon it would take roller skates just to get to the cafeteria and back to the desk in that time. Little wonder that gourmets among our tax-fed minions linger a full three-quarters of an hour over their egg salads on onion roll. Perhaps ulcers are a fair price for our civil servants to pay in order to earn their generous pensions, but the GAO takes a more humane view which we are not prepared to contest.

In order to extract the last ounce of energetic work from bureaucrats of all ranks, it proposes to the Civil Service Commission and the President that the workday be lengthened to allow more time for lunch. The GAO figures that each extra minute of lunchtime costs \$80 million in lost production. Add a few minutes at the beginning or end of the workday, it recommends, and the problem would be solved. The solution seems healthily constitutional in both senses of the word. Next problem?

Battle of the Book Reviews

CAREY McWILLIAMS

The third trial of Alger Hiss continues to heat up. In one sense, however, it is a mistake to regard the ongoing post-mortem as a trial. At the moment Hiss is not being retried *In the Court of Public Opinion* (the title of his 1957 book); he is being reindicted. And the indictment process is taking shape not in a battle of books but of book reviews. The immediate cause of the hubbub has been John Chabot Smith’s *Alger Hiss: The True Story*, which has given reviewers the opportunity to vote “guilty” or “not guilty” as their preconceptions dictate. The latest witness for the prosecution is John Osborne, *The New Republic*’s senior editor and a well-known Nixon watcher.

In his review of—more accurately his comments on—the

Smith book (*The New Republic*, April 17), Mr. Osborne insists that its subtitle is deceptive, although he concedes the author’s personal veracity. I would agree that the book should not have been presented as “the true story,” if only because Mr. Smith did not have access to all the material that has recently been made available by the FBI. It is a story, another account, of the Hiss trial and, within the limitation noted, a good one. To cite merely one of many virtues, it contains a devastating analysis of the “secret documents,” the best such analysis to date. But this and other strong points do not impress Mr. Osborne, who tells us that he has been convinced from the time Chambers first publicly accused Hiss in 1948 that Hiss lied and that

Chambers, "in his final story," at last told the truth. Osborne refers to "the cult of Hiss defenders," but if such a cult exists, it is easily matched by a cult of Chambers defenders of which, by his own statement, he is a charter member. That does not impeach his testimony as a prosecution witness. He is a journalist of wide experience who knew Chambers well; they were colleagues for some years on the staff of *Time*. So his views are entitled to careful consideration.

The implications of Osborne's testimony are puzzling. The gist of what he says is that Chambers, behind his back, went to the Luce management and accused him of being "a secret Communist." When Osborne learned "in the mid-1940s" what Chambers had done, he sent word to his accuser that "I'd beat his goddam face to a pulp if I heard of his saying it again." Chambers did not thereafter repeat the charge, but he continued to believe—and to act on the belief—that Osborne was, or once had been, a party member. And according to Osborne's best recollection, Chambers had passed this allegation on to Adolph Berle in 1939, along with "a list of *Time*, Inc., employees whom he knew or believed to be Communists." Osborne admits that he was sympathetic to what he understood to be the Communist approach to many "though not all" world and domestic issues, but denies once again that he was ever a party member. One might think therefore that this painful and unpleasant incident would have aroused in him a profound and abiding skepticism about Chambers's dedication to the truth, not to mention his objectivity and sense of fairness. Yet in retrospect he writes that "By his lights, Chambers had every reason not only to suppose but to affirm as fact, to employers and officials who could have ruined me, that I was a secret Communist."

The charge was false, of this there can be no doubt. Even if Chambers believed it to be true, it was a foul act to "inform" on a colleague without substantial evidence and without giving him a chance to rebut the charge. But just what reasons did Chambers have, "by his lights," to make the accusation?

Soon after Chambers joined *Time*, he appeared at the door of Osborne's cubbyhole one day and introduced himself. It so happened that Osborne had been invited to a cocktail party for the producers and cast of *The Cradle Will Rock*—"a musical darling of the Left"—and he graciously invited Chambers to accompany him. To his astonishment, Chambers reacted as though he had seen a dozen ghosts. "The effect upon him was unforgettable. He stiffened. The little blood below the skin of his pale face drained away. He truly 'went white.' Without a word he whirled and ran from my office" (emphasis in original). Later Osborne learned that Chambers, an ex-Communist who had broken with the party, feared he might be bumped off by Kremlin agents. By inference, the mere thought of attending a cocktail party at which some leftists might be present had caused him to quake with fear. Of the reports he had heard, Osborne writes that "it all sounded weird to me, but Chambers's manner as just described made it believable."

As a labor specialist at *Time*, Osborne made use of the Federated Press service and to transfer the dangerous was the only service of its kind that then provided a digest of news and opinion from the trade union press. For

Chambers, Osborne's use of this service and his desire to help it (he had suggested that *Time* pay more for it) "were proof positive that I had to be a Communist." Incidentally Chambers persuaded the managing editor to cancel the Federated Press service and to transfer the dangerous fellow-traveling Osborne to another less sensitive but damnably dreary assignment. But how could these incidents be regarded as "proof positive" of anything, except perhaps by someone in desperate search of evidence to sustain his fantasies?

Osborne's theory seems to be that when Chambers testified about what he had done and knew others to have done he was seldom wrong and qualified as a "believable" witness, but that he was often wrong when he "deduced" this or that from what he knew or what someone had told him. But Chambers was often wrong about matters of which he claimed to have personal knowledge as well as when he "deduced" false conclusions from facts of which he had no personal knowledge. And he lied repeatedly under oath even after he claimed to have broken with the Communist Party. What Osborne's theory comes down to is that Chambers "by his lights" had "every reason" to make damaging accusations because to him they were believable. But asylums are full of patients who have "every reason," "by their lights" to believe what they believe; that does not make them reliable witnesses. The Chambers that Osborne describes—the man who succeeded him as foreign editor of *Time*—emerges from these vignettes as an extremely neurotic man with distinct traces of paranoia. Moreover, Osborne's distrust of Chambers as a journalist confirms this impression. In his view, Chambers had outraged many of *Time*'s foreign correspondents by "butchering dispatches that he thought to be pro-Communist" and by misusing and distorting their reports. In fact, Osborne felt so keenly about this issue that he would not accept redesignation as foreign editor, after Chambers stepped down, until he got a promise from management that Chambers would never replace him on that or any other job.

Now contrast Osborne's testimony with that of David Cort who served as foreign editor of *Life* and knew both Chambers and Osborne. Like Osborne, Cort is an experienced, respected, able journalist. He knew Chambers better—and longer—than did Osborne; they had been classmates at Columbia. Cort found Chambers totally unbelievable on all counts (see: *The Sin of Henry R. Luce*, 1974). Never a man to mince words, Cort refers to Chambers as "demonic"; "the master of the big lie, thickly lathered with the pretense of culture." He scorns Chambers's "apocalyptic style," his "histrionics," his "charlatanism"; doubts that he was "entirely mad," but winds up denouncing him as "a plausible Cagliostro," "a genius impostor, a congenital liar of such magnificence as to deserve enduring fame"—which he has certainly achieved. Like Osborne, Cort cites some revealing instances of Chambers's "lunatic behavior." Obviously he detested Chambers, but he cannot be consigned to "the cult of Hiss defenders." Cort has never gone out of his way to defend Hiss; he simply does not believe Chambers. Nor can he be characterized as a "sympathizer," fellow traveler, or ex-anything. David Cort is very much his own man, shrewd and hard to fool.

After summing up his reasons for finding Chambers quite unbelievable, Cort wearily concluded: "but at present the intellectuals, those eternal suckers for words divorced from truth, do not see it this way." Here he is wrong. Intellectuals have always been divided about the case. Those who relish what John Strachey called "the literature of counter-communism," of which *Witness* is a sacred text, cling to the notion that Hiss lied and that Chambers told the truth (see "The Absolutists," *The Nation*, October 4, 1952). In Strachey's view, Chambers and the others who wrote this "literature" were convinced "that the Western world is marching, dully and complacently, upon its destruction. They are absolutists. They see the world in terms of an all-embracing antithesis: communism and the West; the Devil and God." Accepting the proposition that "communism is absolutely evil," they tend to see "everything in the starkest black and white. Every catastrophic conclusion follows with remorseless inevitability." Chambers held a view of communism that was "completely unhistorical. . . . Since for him, as for every true counter-Communist, communism is 'absolutely evil' it can have no history and no development. It must have appeared in the world at some second fall. It can grow, but only in the sense that hell can enlarge itself. It can never have been worse, for it was already 'absolutely evil.' Equally, no doubt, Mr. Chambers would deny that communism could change in the future. Yet nothing can be more confidently predicted than that it will."

The credibility of a witness must be judged on the basis of his entire testimony. That he may have been correct about this fact or that does not establish that the general thrust of his testimony is believable. When a self-confessed perjurer with a bad record for veracity and a history of erratic behavior makes false and reckless charges against others, his general credibility as a witness cannot be salvaged by saying that according to his "lights" he had

"reason" to make them. Osborne made no such distinction when he sent word to Chambers that he would beat his face to a pulp. By his own account, then, Osborne confirms what was already known on the basis of the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses (see for example *The Witness and I* by O. Edmund Clubb, 1975) that Chambers was a notoriously unreliable witness when testifying about any aspect of his obsession with communism, and notably so when fingering those he had targeted as "secret" members—including Osborne, Hiss and Clubb.

But even after twenty-six years the "counter-Communist" view has not lost all of its coercive power; some intellectuals still cling to it. Those who still accept *Witness* as a great tract of the times fail to examine it with the care it should receive. In part for this reason, they are inclined to accept Chambers's testimony as true. Yet Irving Howe, anything but a partisan of Hiss, noted at the time that in all its 800 pages there was hardly "a sustained passage of, say, 5,000 words devoted to serious development of thought; everything breaks down into sermon, reminiscence, self-mortification and self-glorification. . . . Chambers's approach to history rests finally on no social theory at all; it is a return to Manichean demonology. . . . In reading this book one is nonplused by the way its polemics violate its professed values. . . . From *Witness* an unsympathetic reader might, in fact, conclude that God spent the past several years as a special aid to the House Committee on Un-American Activities" (*The Nation*, May 24, 1952). Witnesses to heresy have always been captives of their beliefs; by their lights they have "every reason" to believe their fantasies. As they see it, it is their duty to lie if it will advance the struggle against "absolute evil." For such Witnesses—always to be spelled with a capital—an oath has no meaning; Chambers conceded that it had none for him. Whatever one may think of Witnesses as prophets, they are notoriously unreliable witnesses.

NEW MAN AT THE U.N.

SCRANTON IN THE LIONS' DEN

ANNE TUCKERMAN

United Nations

"An excellent choice honoring both the U.N. and the United States. . . ." "A dignified, well-informed and courteous personality. . . ." "An experienced diplomat." Such are the comments heard in U.N. corridors during the few weeks since William Warren Scranton became U.S. chief representative to the world organization. Aside from his obvious qualifications, Ambassador—or, as he prefers to be called, Governor—Scranton, is lucky. He succeeds Daniel Patrick Moynihan, whose personality had been a cause of running controversy among the United States' foes and friends alike.

To be sure, Moynihan made news. His every appearance, the merest statement from his lips, produced a curiosity rarely felt in an organization beset by immeasurable

boredom amid the endless repetition of dogmatic arguments. But this curiosity was directed primarily to the form his thunder would next take, to his mannerisms and showmanship, the resounding epithets and outcries to be expected in his otherwise inarticulate pronouncements. His colleague from America's most loyal ally, the witty British Ambassador Ivor Richard, was appalled by his crude tactics, while members of the U.S. delegation cringed in anticipation of the fallout. In all these theatrics, the position of the United States *vis-à-vis* the multitudinous questions debated in the U.N. took second place and, to put it bluntly, was hardly taken seriously any more. Pat Moynihan was never as effective, when answering the criticism continuously leveled at the United States in the U.N., as was his predecessor John Scali, whose classic speech of December 1974 on "the tyranny of the majority" stunned the General Assembly.

The choice of Scranton for the top post at the U.N. is exceptional because, paradoxically, it follows a tradition used by most governments, but not by Washington. While the caliber of the diplomats at the U.N. is uneven and their oratory often second rate, most are professionals from the career services of their respective countries. Scranton, similarly, is an experienced public servant with a long background in foreign policy. He was special assistant to Secretaries of State as far back as John Foster Dulles, has been a member of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency since 1969, and serves on the Trilateral Commission for North America, the European Community and Japan.

American Presidents in the past have selected their chief spokesmen at the U.N. on quite another basis, usually a political one. A favorite practice has been to offer the post to a member of the President's party who has been defeated in a recent Congressional election; that was the case with Henry Cabot Lodge and George Bush, neither of whom had much knowledge of foreign affairs when they were appointed. The result has been a quick turnover of ambassadors, the record for the shortest term being held by George Ball who served two months in the summer of 1968.

Adlai Stevenson was given the job as a consolation prize for not being made Secretary of State, while Arthur Goldberg was persuaded, probably to his everlasting regret, to abandon a prestigious lifelong seat on the Supreme Court for a transient position in a body whose anti-Israel tone must often have been painful to a man with active Zionist sympathies. A public figure like Stevenson, with well-known political and private stands, found himself in tragic straits when his personal views clashed with the official position he was called upon to expound. The difficulty of his situation reached a climax when, in ignorance, he spoke falsely during the Bay of Pigs crisis.

Moreover, people chosen from outside the foreign service are more likely to harbor erroneous ideas about the United Nations. Arthur Goldberg's successful career as a labor lawyer made it difficult for him to accept the fact that the majority of member states use the U.N. forum more as an opportunity to posture than to settle disputes. Similarly, Moynihan's outraged diatribes against the lack of democratic tradition in the U.N. rang strangely naive in an organization which counts the USSR as a founding member. The only professional diplomat before Scranton ever named as U.S. representative to the U.N. was Charles Yost, an able and quiet man who was dismissed unceremoniously, to be replaced by John Scali, a most intelligent and articulate, but abrasive journalist who had become President Nixon's political adviser. Mr. Yost quickly took his revenge by writing magazine articles against the war in Vietnam.

Governor Scranton is a public figure, and it is his view, as he told me wistfully in the midst of the Kissinger controversy, that a public figure cannot defend himself. He accepts this situation as part of the job. Asked whether he felt that his U.N. assignment put him in the lions' den, he answered that a public figure is always in the lions' den.

He may not tame the lions, for the United States will remain in the minority of an organization that reflects primarily the frustrations of the Third World, but he has already won their respect. In his first meetings with the press and the many ambassadors whom he has found time to see in these few weeks, he has shown himself responsive and extremely well informed. One ambassador discovered, in the midst of a conversation on the situation in troubled Lebanon, that Scranton had made no fewer than five visits to the area.

His special expertise on the Middle East and his famous recommendation for an "even-handed" policy (which is now the official line, but which was rejected by President Nixon in 1968) have already served him well in the Security Council. The Israelis are saddened and shocked by this, understandably so from their point of view. But Scranton took his cue from Washington, and President Ford and Secretary Kissinger used the right man for the job. He demonstrated real diplomatic skill on a tight rope. In his maiden speech, he showed unusual severity toward Israel by criticizing the massive implantation of Jewish settlements on the West Bank and dissociating the United States from the Israeli annexation of the Old City of Jerusalem. Then he proceeded to veto the resolution which would have condemned Israeli policy in the occupied territories.

The Middle East situation is getting more and more complex as the "step-by-step" policy has reached a dead end and the Geneva Conference takes on the baffling quality of a mirage. U.S. diplomacy is of the essence in this area. A faint ray of light has emerged as Syria and the United States have temporarily joined efforts to prevent the collapse of Lebanon. Mr. Scranton may well play a personal role at U.N. headquarters by trying to develop this closer association into Syrian acquiescence to the continued presence of U.N. forces in the Golan Heights after the May 30th deadline of the present mandate. He will have the full support of Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim, who brought the Lebanese situation to the attention of the Security Council, and in the process induced some soul searching on the part of the various Arab factions involved.

What of U.S. relations with the Third World in the U.N., which again reached a confrontation level of intensity during the tenure of Ambassador Moynihan? Scranton said on his first day at the U.N. that he saw "no reason for confrontation because no nation believes more strongly than mine in two basic matters that are of importance to the Third World: independence and liberty, and the opportunity for economic growth, for which the United States holds up an outstanding example."

Whether these pious generalities will meet the test of conflicting economic interests in a world in flux seems doubtful. Recent U.S. statements in favor of majority rule in Rhodesia and the projected trip of Henry Kissinger to Africa may demonstrate a new American interest and policy toward Africa and thus ease the atmosphere at the U.N.—if no new Angola-like crisis develops. A repeal of the Byrd amendment, which allows large imports of Rhodesian minerals into American ports in violation of

U.N. sanctions, would make Mr. Scranton's task much easier. The new Ambassador may also be rapidly disillusioned by the U.N.'s sad and selective record on human rights, a field in which he claims a strong interest.

Mr. Scranton's early enthusiasm may have declined by the time his "term" at the U.N. unofficially expires at the end of the year, whatever the results of the Presidential election. Why did he accept this appointment, after having refused it several times in the past? The best explanation is the insistence of President Ford at this crucial stage of the political campaign. Scranton's past performances in public life, except for his unsuccessful bid for the Republican

nomination in 1964, show a greater interest in public service than in political ambition. But the U.N. has been a stepping stone for high office on at least two occasions. Henry Cabot Lodge acquired national fame by having the last word in cold-war debates with Andrei Vishinsky and Valerian Zorin, and became a candidate for the Vice Presidency. George Bush showed himself a mature and well-liked politician and went on to become successively Republican national chairman, the first envoy to China, and director of the CIA. The U.N. nomination has placed William Scranton in a high visible position during an unusual election year. □

U.S. BUSINESS MISSES THE POINT

What Not To Learn from Britain

DAVID VOGEL

Two hundred years after the founding of our Republic, American men of property are again anxious about the economic policies of the British. This time, however, it is not the farmers who feel embattled but the nation's corporate executives. During the last two years, the American business community has become increasingly haunted by the apparently inexorable decline of the British capitalist system. Many businessmen regard the troubles that confront their counterparts in England—chronically high inflation, massive welfare spending, sharply rising taxation and the gradual nationalization of industry—as a harbinger of their own fate. Like the visit of Marley to Scrooge, the declining political power and economic strength of privately owned corporations in Britain represents both a forecast and a warning. American businessmen fear that, unless America mends its ways and rejects demands for increased public spending, it too will inevitably face persistent economic instability and a decline in real living standards. The serious economic problems now tormenting a nation whose industrial wealth, financial system and military capability dominated the capitalist system for the greater part of its modern existence worry these businessmen and their political spokesmen. England, in a sense, represents for international capitalism what the Soviet Union once symbolized for the world Communist movement. Consequently, its "failures" assume symbolic as well as practical importance.

There are indeed "lessons" to be learned from the economic *malaise* confronting our mother country, but they are precisely the opposite of what America's corporate executives and governmental policy makers appear to believe. The real lesson of the steady decline of England's economic hegemony in the past 100 years has less to do with excessive social spending than with short-sighted

business policies. An accurate reading of the fundamental causes of England's troubles urgently points not to the need for curtailment of social programs in the United States but rather to the necessity for greater political restrictions on corporate decisions—particularly in the international arena. It is the ability of businesses to make investments and sell products outside the United States without adequate public control that weakens the American economy. By misunderstanding the nature of England's difficulties, American officials make their "import" more likely.

A year ago, an article in the *Financial World* contended that the American economy was facing "deep-seated troubles that some believe are merely further advanced in Britain." A consultant to Merrill Lynch has predicted that, "if we cave in, in terms of excessive stimulus, to this developing recession, we may cross the line and go the U.K. route." Shortly thereafter, *The Wall Street Journal* editorialized, "Britain's current contribution to the world is to reveal the ultimate result of economic and social policies rapidly gaining ascendancy in the United States. To wit, the state must fulfill all needs. . . . Income must be redistributed." It concluded, "Good-bye, Great Britain. It was nice knowing you. Since we're following down the same road, perhaps we'll meet again." The lead article of the December 1975, issue of *Fortune*, called "The Grim Failure of Britain's Nationalized Industries," noted that "the belief in nationalization as a sovereign remedy for economic ills is widespread today, and not just in totalitarian countries. . . . This belief manages to persist in the face of a strong body of evidence that industry, more often than not, does badly under state ownership." After calculating that the nationalized industries have cost the British taxpayer a total of \$18 billion, the author, Robert Ball, suggested that, "the lessons of this litany of failures should be obvious beyond Britain's shores." More recently, Secretary of Commerce Elliot Richardson offered a similar analysis—that Britain's fortunes declined because it had neglected the importance of the private sector. A parallel

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between the policy proposals of the liberal wing of the Democratic Party and the current economic performance of England under the Labour government was implied.

The principal foreign challenge that American businessmen perceive is thus no longer the threat of Soviet communism. Save when they advocate increased defense expenditures, most industrialists have ceased to pay even ritual homage to either the military or the ideological danger of Soviet world conquest: they are too busy seeking trade with the Russians. Indeed, the lead article in the March issue of *Commentary* bemoans precisely this point. In one of the rare criticisms of American business to appear in that magazine, Peter Berger accuses the nation's "economic elite" of abandoning its principled anti-communism in order to share in the increasingly attractive economic opportunities offered by the stable and responsible regimes of Eastern Europe. He suggests—in an analysis that obliquely anticipates my theme—that the preservation of American world economic and political power may soon become a matter of indifference to the "ruling circles" of the American economy. Corporate executives appear prepared to sacrifice the social democracies of Western Europe for the more congenial "people's democracies" of the East. According to Berger, American corporations no longer identify the prosperity of "free enterprise" with the security of the free world."

Clearly, a marked change has come over business thinking in the past ten or twenty years: the Red scare has given way to a pink one. It is not the Russians who are coming but the British; to be more precise, their version of social democracy or welfare-state capitalism. London (and to a lesser extent Stockholm and Copenhagen) is seen as having replaced Moscow and Peking as the foreign source of inspiration for those Americans hostile or indifferent to the principles of our economic system. This time—we may be thankful—no international conspiracy is alleged; it is not suggested that Ralph Nader or Leonard Woodcock are in the pay of the world Socialist movement. Yet the challenge their ideas pose to the integrity of the American business corporation remains threatening, though in a different sense. The nation's businessmen are more worried about the long-term future of the private corporation and the economy than they have been at any time since the 1930s.

In another, widely publicized *Commentary* article (March 1975), "The United States in Opposition," Daniel P. Moynihan explicitly added an international dimension to Britain's domestic troubles. He attributed the recent bitterness of Third World political leaders and intellectuals toward the American business system not to Vladimir Lenin, author of *Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism*, but rather to a British Socialist, Harold Laski. Laski's stewardship at the London School of Economics—at which a large number of Third World officials were trained—is held responsible for the lack of development of the Third World. Disdaining the contribution of "men of commerce" and placing a greater emphasis on the redistribution of wealth than on its creation, these Asian and African leaders have proved their mastery of the lessons of Fabian socialism. Like England's, their econo-

mies are in shambles.

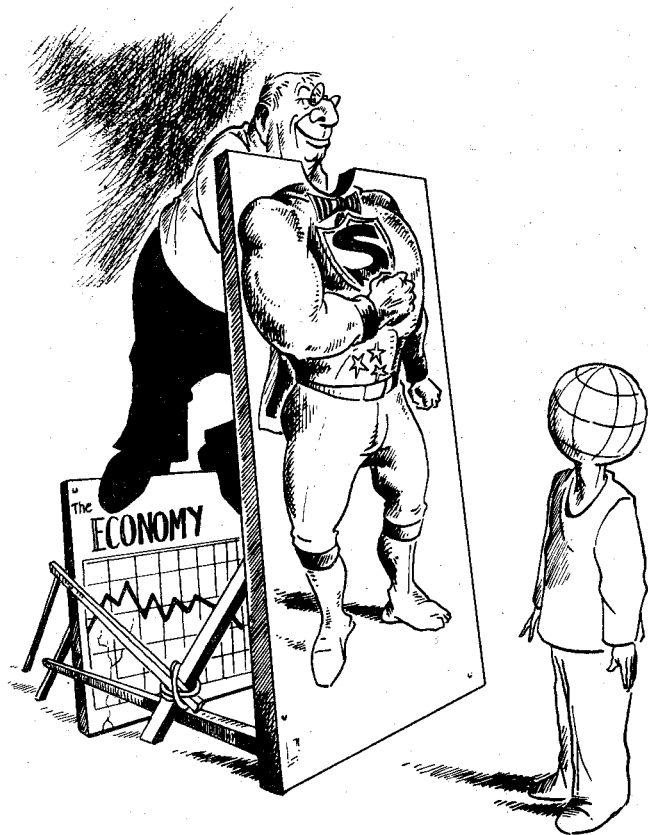
Evidently we should be grateful that, unlike most other former British colonies, our country's political-economic system was created by politicians who were educated in England when Locke rather than Tawney was in vogue and English capitalism was in its ascendancy. Our independence was achieved just in time: 150 years later and our streets might be congested with cows rather than cars. In fact, historically it has been this nation's more conservative elites—the Federalists prior to the Civil War and the industrialists in the post-bellum period—who tended to cite English political economists to justify their prerogatives. Along with much of the trade and capital that financed American economic growth in the 19th century, the most important British "import" was ideological. Locke's radical individualism and defense of property rights had a major influence on the development of American law, and the nation's first generation of industrial entrepreneurs revealed a genuine enthusiasm for the doctrines of social Darwinism developed by Herbert Spencer.

Yet, according to the nation's present-day conservatives, our respite may only have been temporary: the "English sickness" has allegedly managed to infect our intelligentsia. In a series in *The Economist* on the Bicentennial, Norman Macrae, the British business magazine's deputy editor, warned that "The United States has joined the Fabian Society of about 1903. Many of the new Democratic members of Congress, including some Presidential candidates, would find the Fabian Society their most natural home, militant middle-class feminism and all. . . ." Macrae contended that "In America the whole concept of thrustful business is in danger of becoming unloved. The intellectuals have joined in the sneering against it, making it fashionable to believe that stagnation is not only wise but clever." Revealing a somewhat longer historical perspective than either Richardson or Moynihan, Macrae concludes: "This is exactly how it was when Britain's post-1876 decline began. It is strange that people do not see that not learning from history is bunk."

It is not the influence of those Americans who are self-professed Socialists that businessmen fear. Like most Americans, they tend to deny that debates about the merits of capitalism have much relevance to American politics. They are well aware that the British analogy has its limits: American labor union officials have usually acted quite "responsibly." Meany is not to be confused with Benn. What worries them is that the West European style of "mixed economies" will come to America behind their backs. It will infiltrate by a succession of sincere and well-intentioned liberal moves to reduce unemployment and distribute social benefits more equitably. Collectively, these policies will aggravate inflation and undermine the ability of corporations to accumulate the capital they need to prosper and grow. The growing number of public subsidies to ailing corporations and industries in both nations are seen by businessmen as indexes not of the strength of business—but rather of its fundamental weakness. Rolls-Royce, British Chrysler, Lockheed, Penn Central—they are the dominoes whose "fall" illustrates the dangers of

tampering with the principles of the marketplace. To American corporate executives, the moral is clear: to emphasize fairness and security at the expense of growth means that one will achieve neither.

But how relevant is the British experience to the United States—as a model either to emulate or to avoid? The recent sharp conservative shift in the policies of the Wilson (now Callaghan) government would seem to suggest that reports of England's imminent departure from the capitalist camp are premature. On the surface, the policies announced by the Labour government—a reduction in social welfare expenditures, the abandonment of any further effort to redistribute wealth, and renewed incentives for business investment—appear to confirm the corporate diagnosis. Yet to focus on the expansion of the welfare state and the mismanagement of the public sector is to confuse the symptoms with the cause. The critical parallel between the American and British experiences lies in the sphere of international economic policy. In the United States in the 1970s—as in England during the late 19th century—the interests of business abroad and those of the nation-state have begun to diverge.



Vadillo, El Sol de Mexico

Until very recently, domestic criticism of direct overseas investments has focused on their negative effect on Third World economic development. With the dramatic transformation of the multinational oil companies from "tools of U.S. and British imperialism" into "OPEC tax collectors," the indictment has begun to shift. The Seven Sisters are no longer accused of exploiting the Arabs—a charge that apparently troubled few Americans. On the contrary, the industry has since 1973 become the target of

considerable Congressional and public criticism precisely because many now regard it as exploiting Americans for the benefit of the Arabs. Foreign investment is proving a two-way street. Once exclusively a vehicle for the achievement of American economic and political objectives, the U.S.-owned multinational corporation is now serving increasingly the policies of "host" governments. Thus most American corporations have complied with the Arab boycott of Israel and have opposed attempts to extract humanitarian or political concessions from the Soviet Union in exchange for more liberalized trading arrangements. While currently supported by official government policy in the area of balance of payments, arms sales to Iran fall into a similar category. Each of these cases reveals a gap between corporate and presumed national objectives that is virtually without precedent in the postwar period. The interests of American corporations and the viability of American capitalism are no longer identical.

Last fall, Robert Gilpin, a political scientist at Princeton, published a provocative book on multinational corporations that places these relatively new entities in perspective. Unlike most such studies, *U.S. Power and the Multinationals* is concerned with the effect of the export of capital and technology on the "home" country. Gilpin compares English overseas portfolio investment in the late 19th century with direct American investment since World War II. He argues that, after a certain point in the development of the home economy, the economic benefits it derives from placing its surplus capital abroad are outweighed by the costs. Whereas at one stage its foreign investments reflect its industrial strength or dominance, they later begin both to reflect and to accelerate their decline. Based on indexes such as the relative growth rates of domestic and foreign economies, the ratio and composition of imports and exports, and the locus of organizational and technological innovation, Gilpin concludes that, "the crossover for Britain occurred sometime after 1890; in the American case, the date is somewhere after the mid-sixties." If Gilpin is right, the decision of British businessmen roughly a century ago to invest a disproportionate amount of their capital abroad—ironically, much of it in portfolio investments in the United States—is the fundamental cause of their loss of economic supremacy. The result of their focus on short-term profit maximization was to strengthen the competitiveness of American—as well as German and Japanese—industry, while their domestic industrial base was allowed to deteriorate.

The parallels are striking. British per capita domestic investment declined from 39 per cent in the 1865-75 decade to 7 per cent thirty years later; by the middle of the 1880s U.S. industrial production had surpassed that of Britain. Between 1890 and 1913, Britain's share of world manufacturing dropped 32 per cent. While the aggregate export of American capital has not been large, American-owned multinational corporations contribute a significant share of total investment outside the United States in a number of key industries—including metals, machines and transportation equipment. One estimate places the export of American technology, managerial skills and capital at more than 30 per cent of our annual domestic

corporate formation. Like England in the late 19th century, the quality of our economic infrastructure is declining; aside from military technology and aerospace, American innovation in commercial technology, particularly in steel and automobiles, has become lethargic. Throughout the 1950s and 1960s, American growth rates were higher than those of only one other industrial nation—Great Britain. Between 1960 and 1970, the U.S. experienced the lowest growth in productivity of any non-Communist economy. Gilpin finds the result predictable: between 1950 and 1970, the American share of world GNP declined from 40 to 30 per cent. In recent testimony before the Church subcommittee, Prof. Peggy Musgrave of Northeastern University echoed Gilpin's argument. She warned that "The U.S. might do well to be cautioned by the British experience, where early capital export is believed by some to have been one major factor in the stagnation of the British economy over time, and in the abrasive labor relations to which that stagnation has contributed." To the familiar union charge that multinational corporations export jobs has been added a new dimension: they also export economic growth. Gilpin suggests as alternative policies repeal of the tax incentives for foreign investment and a renewed emphasis on international trade rather than direct investment.

American businessmen feel increasingly isolated in the

world. Wherever they turn, they see government intrusion into corporate decisions to a degree more extensive than is accepted in the United States: faith in the ideal of "free enterprise" has become a virtual American monopoly. The mood among our bourgeoisie resembles that of the Bolsheviks in the 1920s—but with one critical difference: they do not think the forces of history are on their side. Curiously, like almost every other class and faction in American society, they too feel that they are "losing." Yet by identifying capitalism with the Anglo-American ideal of the passive state, American policy makers shut themselves off from profiting from the experience of those capitalist nations, including Sweden, France and Japan, that have successfully combined public control over the direction of economic development with stable growth rates. Not coincidentally, each of those nations also places controls over the foreign investment decisions of its nationals. If and when the American government asserts its control over U.S. foreign investment—and thus assumes responsibility for the direction of American industrial development—it will do so against the bitter opposition of those businessmen and political leaders who mistakenly profess to understand the best interests of our nation and its economy. There are lessons to be learned from the trials of our mother country, but so far, American businessmen appear to have absorbed the wrong ones. □

CHINA LOOKS BEYOND MAO

The 'Struggle Between Two Lines'

O. EDMUND CLUBB

Chinese Premier Chou En-lai died on January 8, and now China has a new Premier. But the succession to that post was achieved only after a remarkable political convulsion in Peking. How interpret those convoluted, mysterious proceedings? We have the official explanation: this was a struggle between the "two lines" of revolution and pragmatism ("revisionism") in China. And what was the end result? The course of events suggests that answer too.

Premier Chou En-lai's "Report on the Work of the Government," delivered to the Fourth National People's Congress in January 1975, was characterized by a sense of national purpose. The revolutionary spirit was not neglected; but neither was the practical aspect. Chou asserted that "Socialist revolution is the powerful engine for developing the social productive forces. We must adhere to the principle of grasping revolution, promoting production and other work and preparedness against war, and with revolution in command, work hard to increase production and speed up socialist construction so that our

socialist system will have a more solid material foundation." And Chou set forth specific goals in the economic field. With due reference to an earlier Maoist position, he envisaged that China should construct "an independent and relatively comprehensive industrial and economic system" by 1980, and then, in a second stage, "accomplish the comprehensive modernization of agriculture, industry, national defense and science and technology before the end of the century, so that our national economy will be advancing in the front ranks of the world." He offered a philosophic thought in the broad Maoist pattern: "We should thoroughly criticize revisionism, criticize capitalist tendencies and criticize such erroneous ideas and styles of work as servility to things foreign, the doctrine of trailing behind at a snail's pace, and extravagance and waste."

Among the other accomplishments of that Congress was the appointment of Hua Kuo-feng, a little-known Politburo member from Shansi, to the positions of Deputy Premier and Minister of Public Safety.

One might logically have expected to see the Chinese nation concentrating its attention on the massive economic problems confronting it, and laboring in disciplined manner, and in accordance with detailed governmental planning and organization, to make China into an economic Great Power. But the periodic political and economic convulsions in China's recent past would have warned against certainty. And Chairman Mao, a firm

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believer in "uninterrupted revolution" and devoted to the precept, "politics in command," had not attended the National Congress.

Even before his death, the legitimacy of Chou's legacy to the nation had come under challenge. The man nominally—and popularly supposed to be—in line for succession to the Premiership (and thus in line also for succession to Mao Tse-tung as leader of the party, government and nation) was Chinese Communist Party (CCP) Vice Chairman, People's Liberation Army (PLA) Chief of Staff and First Deputy Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing. A tough organization man and pragmatist, Teng had been damned and purged as a "capitalist roader" at the beginning of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution of 1966-69, but had been rehabilitated in April 1973, almost certainly at the initiative of Premier Chou En-Lai.

In the summer of 1975 Teng had pushed his pragmatic policies vigorously. Concurrently, but with patent relevancy, educational policy became a public issue. Where Mao Tse-tung aimed for an educational system imbued with the spirit of the workers and peasantry, "revisionists" were charged with desiring to put specialists, and academic authorities who had been criticized by the "masses," in charge of educational and scientific research institutes. The New Year dawned on another, more significant campaign, directed against party members who allegedly partook of "revisionism by underestimating the role of politics in economic development." Teng had been charged in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution with asking, "What difference does it make whether a cat is white or black so long as it catches mice?" It is a question to which a pragmatist might well answer "None," but that would not be the answer of Mao Tse-tung. For him political coloration has a prime importance, and overt adherence to the current Marxist-Leninist-(Maoist) line is essential. And, in actuality, on February 6 the *People's Daily* reported that the campaign against "revisionism" had been personally initiated by "our great leader Chairman Mao." The next day, it was announced to a surprised world that not Teng, but Minister of Public Security Hua Kuo-feng had been named Acting Premier. Then, by the use of China's medium of intramural warfare, the wall poster, and in the columns of the official press, the campaign became one against "capitalist roaders." The *People's Daily* duly denounced the "theory of productivity" and "modernization at any price," allegedly advocated by the sinners.

The matter was given a vital twist by being made an issue of political orthodoxy. On February 17, the *People's Daily* charged that in 1975 the capitalist roaders had distorted "the great leader Chairman Mao's instructions" by putting two elements of his dogma, those calling for stability and unity and for the promotion of economic growth, on the same footing as a Maoist directive calling for study of the theory of the dictatorship of the proletariat—a doctrine designed, said the *People's Daily*, to revive the spirit of class struggle. Some two days later, the paper referred to "that unrepentant capitalist roader in the party." There appeared wall posters attacking Teng by name. He was denounced as a "bourgeois democrat" who

had never been a Marxist. On March 3, the Chinese press called for "mobilization of the masses" for criticism of the "rightest revisionist leader." Teng had been targeted for destruction.

Teng made no public appearance after presenting the eulogy at Chou En-lai's funeral service in January. But it was not to be assumed that he, an old organization man who had put a large number of his men into strategic governmental and party positions, sat idle. (One of the current charges against him, in fact, was that he was striving to create divisions within the CCP Central Committee.) And so it was not really surprising that, on the occasion of the Chinese Ching Ming festival on April 4, a large number of citizens proceeded to Tien An Men Square and built a pyramid of floral wreaths to commemorate the deceased Chou En-Lai, described as "our beloved father." The very characterization embodied a challenge: there is only one patriarch in China—Mao Tse-tung. And he would not have been amused. Most of the wreaths were removed that same night, with the net result that on April 5 supporters of Chou (and Teng) rioted in the square, and it was found necessary to call out the militia to restore order. Peking Mayor Wu Teh, instead of calling for a continuation of "class struggle," appealed for calm, charging that bad elements had acted against Chairman Mao and the CCP Central Committee. On April 6, the *People's Daily* issued a condemnation of "class enemies"—and of "the chief representative of the bourgeoisie," by now easily identifiable as Teng Hsiao-p'ing.

On the following day, the Chinese nation and the world were treated to a remarkable spectacle: citing the authority of the CCP Central Committee, but in its detailed account recording action by no greater authority than Chairman Mao Tse-tung and the committee's Politburo, the New China News Agency officially announced that Minister of Public Security Hua Kuo-feng had been appointed to the positions of Premier of the State Council and First Vice Chairman of the CCP Central Committee, and that Teng Hsiao-p'ing had been dismissed from all posts, in the party and out. No reference was made to any meeting of the Central Committee, and the indications were that there had been none. Although, according to the news agency's account, Mao's proposal that Hua be made Premier had been "unanimously" approved by the Politburo, it seems possible that the Chairman had been in some doubt that he could carry a majority of the Central Committee.

And there was not even a nod of acknowledgment in the direction of the provision in Article 17 of China's new (January 1975) national constitution that among the functions and powers of the National People's Congress is the following: to "appoint and remove the Premier of the State Council and the members of the State Council on the proposal of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China. . . ." The Central Committee's Politburo had reputedly acted to carry out the wishes of Chairman Mao Tse-tung; but, according to the evidence, neither the full Central Committee nor the National People's Congress had been involved in the designation of Hua Kuo-feng as China's new Premier.

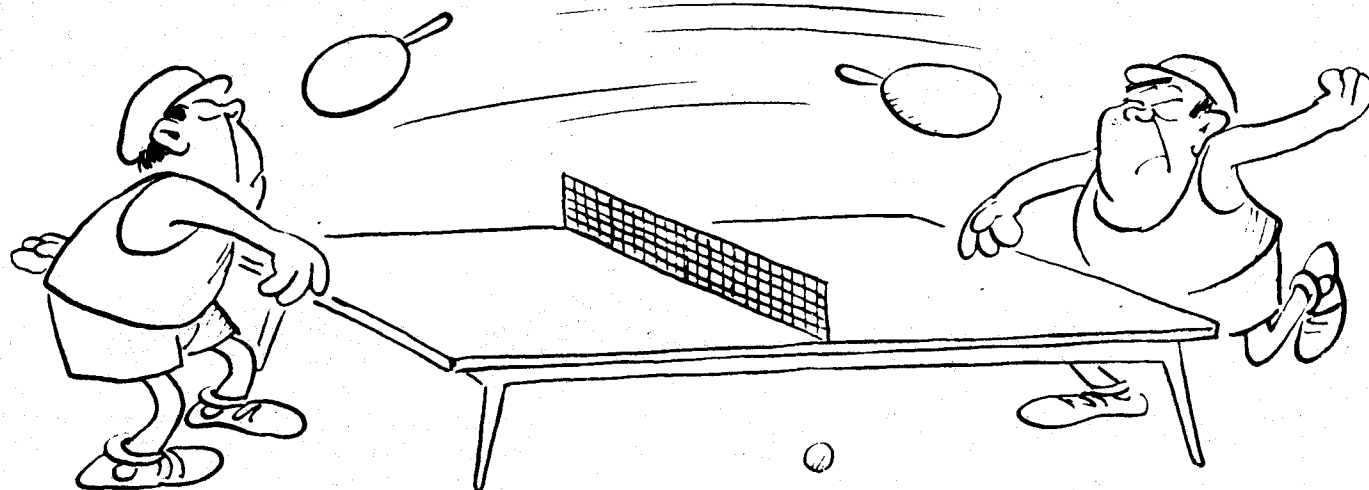
Teng Hsiao-p'ing, stripped of his party, army and governmental posts, was for the moment permitted to retain his party membership. But the auguries were not favorable, for the account related that the Teng problem had become an "antagonistic contradiction"—that is, one to be resolved by force. Officially, however, the matter had been brought to a definitive stage. On April 9, carrying banners and red flags, more than 100,000 schoolchildren and factory workers were mobilized and paraded in Tien An Men Square in support of the move taken in the name of the Central Committee. Maoist "socialist democracy" had triumphed.

And what is the net result of it all? Mao Tse-tung, the octogenarian autocrat, charging his opposition as usual with heterodoxy, has succeeded in eliminating, after State Chairman Liu Shao-ch'i and Defense Minister Lin Piao, one more of the old Communist veterans who dared to disagree with him with respect to domestic policy. But that is a hollow victory, because it falls far short of the main objective of eliminating *all* opposition to his policies. Teng Hsiao-p'ing apart, many other pragmatists remain in positions of power in the Chinese People's Government and in the People's Liberation Army—which took no sides while its Chief of Staff, Teng Hsiao-p'ing, was being subjected to attack. And the first demonstrations in Tien An Men Square clearly showed that there was significant popular sympathy for the late Chou En-lai and his policies: a substantial number of Chinese would appear to have become disillusioned with the search for a millennium through a process of recurrent political convulsions in the Maoist pattern. The April 7th New China News Agency report further recorded that the Tien An Men Square demonstrators—"a handful of class enemies"—had, in counterrevolutionary language, "brazenly clamored that 'the era of Chin Shih Huang [the autocratic Third Century B.C. founder of the Chinese Empire], is gone.'" The reference to Mao Tse-tung was unmistakable—as the report implicitly acknowledged. The account related further how the demonstrators had demanded "genuine Marxism-Leninism," and, by lauding Teng Hsiao-p'ing's "counterrevolutionary revisionist line," had "laid bare

their criminal aim to practice revisionism and restore capitalism in China." But in due course, the New China News Agency said, tens of thousands of worker-militiamen, in coordination with the people's police and PLA guards, went into action, encircled the "bad elements," and detained "the active criminals and major suspects."

Victory? The protagonists of a moderate policy line had indeed accepted a minor compromise, but they retained the balance of power. The leftists as a group had obviously hoped to utilize the authority of the Chairman, before his demise, to advance their power aims. They have failed, at least for the present. But a large number of Chinese, many of them in positions of power, would prefer, if given the choice, that the nation be strong, rather than that it should be imbued in its entirety with a common revolutionary orthodoxy in the Maoist mold. The Maoist call for renewal of the class struggle will in all probability be damped down: the evidence is that large segments of the Chinese nation might put more real energy into the matter than would be to the liking of the Chairman. Even as Mao Tse-tung over the years weakened his base by attacking not only Old Comrades but governmental, party and army hierarchies, so the leftists as a group have weakened their cause by proposing that the nation should follow a line that threatens to leave it weak in a perilous world.

China needs special skills, term them "elitist" or "democratic"; but the Maoist line in education threatens to cripple the technological, political and economic genius of the nation—in favor of the egalitarianism of the "proletariat." China needs to bend great effort to the solution of its economic problems, so that it will not fall even further behind the development of other major economic powers. Thus it cannot afford either mediocre education or unprofitable devotion to the Maoist doctrine of "self-reliance." If it would maneuver effectively in the field of foreign affairs, China must accept assessments of world affairs that are more complicated by far than the analyses employed in the apocalyptic but simplistic generalities of Chairman Mao Tse-tung, and must adopt a more flexible grand strategy than the one dictated by the "Great Helmsman." The record makes clear that an influential body of Chinese moderates holds for the pragmatic line, and rejects the Maoist concept of "uninter-



Bas, Tachydromos (Greece)

rupted revolution."

Discredited by national logic, the Chinese leftists cannot hope to succeed smoothly to power upon the demise of Chairman Mao. The mini-Cultural Revolution that has resulted in the purge of First Deputy Premier Teng

Hsiao-p'ing has betrayed the weakness of the radical faction: it lacks an adequate national base in a nation bent more on wealth and power than on ideological orthodoxy. Mao Tse-tung has increased the probability that, upon his death, it will be the leftists' turn to be purged. □

OIL INDEPENDENCE UP THE FLUE

The Furnace Gadget You Can't Buy

ROBERT SHERRILL

This is the story of how Americans, by being deprived of a device that could retail for \$10, must spend millions of dollars each year for energy that otherwise would not be needed. Money in that quantity makes the story important, but even beyond that it is important on the premise that at present the United States' problem is really not energy consumption—lavish though that may be—but energy waste. If autos and furnaces and other energy maws were made to operate as efficiently as their manufacturers knew how to make them, we would have an energy surplus for years to come. Furthermore, we would not only be independent of the Mideast rip-off artists, but would be able to use some of our surplus to drive down the world price and thereby assist the nonrich nations that are swiftly going bankrupt at current prices.

The greatest waste of energy in boilers, furnaces and hot-water heaters is in the escape of the heated air. Instead of heating rooms or heating water, it goes up the flue and into the outside world. Every oil or gas furnace, boiler and hot-water heater is equipped with a vent that permits toxic fumes, which are created when the flame is burning, to escape to the atmosphere. That's good. But all these appliances operate on an alternating on-off cycle, yet when the flame is off, the vent pipe—the flue—stays open and the hot air continues to escape. That's bad.

Just how bad was testified to recently by Roger Sant, who runs the Federal Energy Administration's office of energy conservation. He admitted that a typical oil or gas-fired home-heating furnace delivers *less* than 50 per cent of the heat content of the fuel burned. The rest is lost, most of it up the flue. Sant further concedes that the year-around efficiency of a hot-water heater is even less than 50 per cent.

Obviously, if a damper were put in the flue to block the escape of heat during the off phase of the cycle, the savings would be enormous. The full 50 per cent waste would not be recovered; the damper would not be that efficient, and there are other loss factors. But the gain would still be impressive.

According to figures supplied by Sant and by John Ray, an energy expert on the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, the probable savings would come to between 400,000 and 1 million barrels of oil (or the

equivalent) each day. If you take the upper figure, which is the more realistic, it means that simply by installing dampers in the nation's furnaces and hot-water heaters, we would save nearly enough oil and gas to achieve energy independence.

Sant estimates that dampers would bring a 10 per cent savings; that's a very conservative guess. In Germany, where dampers have been used for more than forty years on gas-fired heaters, the savings have usually amounted to at least 16 or 17 per cent, and sometimes as much as 30 per cent. Not surprisingly, vent dampers are considered standard equipment for furnaces in Germany, Switzerland, Austria and a number of other European countries where the price of energy has always been high and methods of conserving it have been adopted intelligently.

But not in this country.

It was somewhat ironic, therefore, for the government to publish a brochure entitled "300 Hints to Save Energy" which advised the consumer: "Install automatic furnace flue dampers to stop loss of hot air up the stack during periods when the furnace is in the off cycle." Good advice. But for all practical purposes, no automatic furnace dampers can be purchased in the United States for installation in existing furnaces.

The government also put out a brochure entitled "Tips for Savers." On page 14 it says: "When buying a new furnace select one that incorporates an automatic flue gas damper, a device which reduces loss of heat when the furnace is not in operation." Again, very good advice indeed. But the maddening thing is that no furnaces now being manufactured incorporate an automatic flue gas damper.

This situation exists because the oil and gas industry has successfully opposed the installation of dampers. Its motive is obvious enough: as long as an artificial shortage of oil and gas can be maintained, prices can be kept high.

But of course motive is not enough to do the job; the industry must also have a method for blocking the conservation device. Its method is simple: it controls the standardization process. Sen. James Abourezk, acting chairman of the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, recently held hearings that uncovered this classic technique of cut-throat capitalism. As he explained at the outset:

Voluntary standards generally are developed and adopted by industry groups. By themselves, they have no force of law,

Robert Sherrill's latest book is The Last Kennedy, recently published by The Dial Press.

but customarily, cities, states and the federal government adopt the standards as their own. Thus, a voluntary standard quickly turns into law as a city ordinance or a specification for federal purchasing. These standards are responsible for producing better and safer products, but all too often, they seem to give the customer less efficient and more costly products to choose from. . . .

In the business world, where such groups as the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, Underwriters Laboratory, and the American Gas Association are familiar powers, the stakes are high, but everyone knows the rules.

The rules are: if the product hasn't been certified by ASME or UL or AGA, don't buy it.

Eleven years ago Charles and Bill Diehl, brothers, of Little Rock, Ark., patented a thermal damper that was similar in many ways to one that has been used for many years in Germany. But they did not have enough money to perfect, manufacture and market their damper. So they went to Charles E. Woolfolk, advertising manager of a chemical company, for help. Woolfolk and his brother eventually bought out the Diehls' share of the original company, Save-Fuel Corporation.

Woolfolk saw immediately that the device was a good one—simple and cheap and almost foolproof. The basic principle was that of the standard bi-metal coil: when the furnace went on, heat would build up in the vent pipe and one of the metals would expand, causing the damper plate to open. When the furnace went off, the vent pipe cooled down, and the damper closed. Cost of each device: about \$10.

Some 2 million thermal-operated dampers of that kind are operating in Germany today, so they must be reasonably safe and they must give reasonably efficient service. But the Save-Fuel gadget immediately ran into a deadly industrial assault. Utility companies, which wanted to sell gas, not save it, began threatening to refuse to service any furnace equipped with the damper until it was approved by the American Gas Association.

That was 1967 and Woolfolk admits that he and his partners were still pretty naive. "We had to make a decision as to whether we would go to court and fight the utility companies," he said, "or make a unit that would be satisfactory to AGA and, thus, satisfactory to the utility companies. We were not well schooled in 1967 so we decided to go the AGA route."

AGA told Save-Fuel that it would not accept a thermally activated damper. It demanded that Save-Fuel make a unit that would be electrically operated and interlocked with the thermostat, so that the damper's plate would open prior to the ignition of the burner. AGA was making this stipulation, so it said, in the interest of safety.

O.K., said Woolfolk, he would do it, even though this was a stupid precaution and even though the resulting damper would cost about \$100. Save-Fuel made the required changes and took it to the AGA for testing. Again the AGA rejected it, this time because the new damper created a small obstruction in the vent pipe.

Once again Save-Fuel adjusted its design and, to prove beyond question that its damper would work, induced Southwest Manufacturing Company, makers of HeatWave Furnaces, to put the prototype dampers on HeatWave

furnaces then going through the AGA's laboratory.

This time the AGA seemed to have run out of excuses for refusing and it did come through with a certificate for Save-Fuel's damper, to be marketed under the name Vent-O-Matic. So the company set up a sales force and began advertising through trade journals. But no sooner had the ads begun appearing than the big private utility companies began to yell, and the AGA responded immediately to their pain. It told Woolfolk that he had misunderstood the certification; it said it hadn't certified Vent-O-Matic for general sale but for use on the HeatWave Furnaces only.

Since there are about 800 other furnaces in competition with HeatWave, that amounted to no certification at all. And just to make sure that Woolfolk understood its position, the AGA informed him that it could not issue a general certification until the American National Standards Institute established standards for dampers. The ANSI, a private agency, despite its official-sounding name, seemed in no hurry to do this.

At that point, Save-Fuel was left with only two possible outlets of any significance. It could sell its product in Canada, and it could sell its dampers to individual public utility companies that, because they were taxpayer-oriented, might be eager to save fuel. Woolfolk took the Vent-O-Matic to Canada. After rigorous testing—cycling it 100,000 times—the Canadian Gas Association in 1970 certified the device as safe. But then the same thing happened. The certification was withdrawn in 1971. Why? That isn't entirely clear, but two things are: (1) Two-thirds of the money the CGA gets for its testing program comes from private industry and could be withdrawn by private industry if the CGA came up with certifications that offended the industry; and (2) the natural gas industry in Canada is tightly bound to the natural gas industry in this country, meaning the AGA. In any event, under questioning by Senator Abourezk, officials of both the Canadian Gas Association and of the Canadian Gas Research Institute acknowledged that withdrawal of the certification of the Vent-O-Matic was *not* because they had found any defects in it. Quite the contrary.

So Woolfolk began knocking on the door of publicly owned utility companies. He was welcomed by Memphis Gas, Light and Water—a city department. Research officials employed by the city subjected the Vent-O-Matic to the usual tests and were convinced of its virtues. One told a reporter for the *Memphis Press-Scimitar*, "MGL&W is all for the damper. We know it is fully tested and ready for use and it is completely safe." Another MGL&W official said that fuel savings ranged from 12 to 37 per cent, depending on the furnace. An additional bonus, he said, was that "life of the furnace is prolonged from 50 to 60 per cent with the use of the damper."

But then something happened. F. Donald Hart, president of the American Gas Association, went to Memphis in 1972. He said the purpose of his visit had nothing to do with the Vent-O-Matic. Or at least not specifically. "I had a daughter in a hospital in Memphis," he explained, "and

I spent quite a bit of time there."

However, not all his time was spent at the hospital. "Whenever I am in a city where there is a member company," he added, "I try to visit that member company, if I can conveniently do it. I did this in the case of the Memphis company [MGL&W]. We did discuss the Vent-O-Matic device and the Anderson article."

What he meant by "the Anderson article" was an October 23, 1972 column by Jack Anderson in which he had charged:

A device that would cut the homeowners' gas bills by 20 to 30 per cent has been kept off the market by the American Gas Association.

The fuel saver, known as Vent-O-Matic, is an automatic damper which can be attached in the flue of a gas furnace. It has been approved by the Canadian Gas Association, which tested the device and found it safe.

But the AGA, after four years of stalling, still hasn't even started the testing. . . .

That column infuriated the AGA. Instead of softening under public exposure, its officials and member organizations hardened. Wherever the Vent-O-Matic seemed to be getting a fair audience and the possibility of use—for a while Seattle seemed likely to bring the device into its municipal system and then backed away—the AGA put the screws on. After AGA President Hart's visit to Memphis, the MGL&W began telling prospective customers that it no longer considered Vent-O-Matic to be certifiably safe and that customers could use it at their own risk. Naturally, sales fell drastically. Save-Fuel could take no more. It did not go bankrupt but it is, says Woolfolk, "inactive."

Was there any justice in the way the AGA sabotaged the Vent-O-Matic? The only logical grounds the AGA could possibly have for opposing the sale of a damper would be that it was unsafe. But Save-Fuel's device was tested by the AGA's own engineers and found to be safe; it was tested by Canadian engineers and found to be safe; it was tested by Memphis' engineers and found to be safe.

If the AGA wanted further proof of Vent-O-Matic's safety, it could have uncovered the proof in Germany. The German experience, as disclosed at the Antitrust Subcommittee hearings, is worth review here. Testimony came from Dr. Manfred John, a testing engineer for the Engler-Bunte Institut, and from Luitpold Kutzner, managing partner of Kutzner-Weber, one of Germany's largest manufacturers of dampers. This is their story:

A number of vent dampers were developed as early as 1932. The earliest one—and for several decades it was the only one in use—was the thermally activated damper. Ninety-nine per cent of the automatic dampers used in Germany, Austria and Switzerland are still the thermal kind—the kind that the AGA refused to accept, telling Woolfolk to go back and manufacture an electrically activated damper. The AGA said thermally activated dampers are horribly unsafe. Has Germany found them to be unsafe? About 900,000 units of a 1932 thermal damper were sold. Ten fatal accidents happened with the appliance—but *all* of these accidents occurred years after the original installation. They were the fault of repairmen who

didn't know their business. In only one case—one—did the damper itself fail to operate correctly, and that occurred only after it has been overheated to 900 degrees Fahrenheit, twice the maximum permitted.

Another model of the thermal damper was put on the German market in 1960. Half a million units were sold. One fatal accident has occurred where a 1960 model was installed, and the fault lay not with the damper: it was caused by a backdraft that could have been fatal whether or not the damper was in place. Another thermal model was developed in 1967; 1.5 million units have been sold. There have been no reports of accidents or malfunctions.

That's a total of nearly 3 million thermal dampers in use over the past forty-three years, with eleven fatal accidents, but none of the accidents were traceable to the units themselves when properly used. That has to be considered an impressive record.

Moreover, German engineers concede that if an electrically operated damper had been used, there would not have been even the eleven accidents per 3 million units.

On this point the following exchange took place between Senator Abourezk and Dr. John, the German engineer:

Abourezk: Now, have you had the opportunity to examine the electric solenoid device manufactured by the Save-Fuel Corporation?

John: No, we did not test it, but we had similar constructions in Germany that can be compared by technical reasons to this construction and they have passed our tests.

Abourezk: And you have seen this device?

John: Yes, I have seen it this morning and yesterday. The German constructions using a solenoid are quite similar to this construction.

Abourezk: And have you also seen a design and wiring diagram of this device, the Save-Fuel device?

John: Yes.

Abourezk: Now, in your opinion, if that device, the Save-Fuel device, is manufactured properly, is it a fail-safe damper?

John: Yes.

There you have it from one of Germany's leading experts, and he bases his judgment not merely on laboratory experience but on many billions of hours of damper use in homes.

So what's holding up the testing and certification of these extremely valuable gadgets for use in this country? The answer is a classic Catch-22 runaround. AGA President Hart says his organization would be absolutely delighted to test a damper and certify it for general use, under conditions dictated by the AGA. And what are those conditions? Hart explains: "AGA is not trying to prevent the marketing and sale and installation of any device, providing it is safe and meets an *adopted national standard*." O.K., great. So why hasn't Vent-O-Matic passed the standards? Because there are no such standards. The standards would have to be set by the American National Standards Institute's Z-21 Committee. "We tried to get a standard prepared" by the Z-21 Committee, Hart insists. But the Z-21 Committee voted not to set a standard. And who dominates the Z-21 Committee, in influence if not numerically? The representatives of the AGA, that's who. A member of the AGA is even secretary

of the Z-21 Committee. Nevertheless, Hart says with a straight face that he and the AGA are helpless: "We leave it [the setting of standards] in the hands of the Z-21 Committee, through their deliberations, and their objective studies," and the AGA, he claims, exerts no pressure whatsoever.

So there you are: the AGA won't approve dampers until there is a national standard for dampers, and the ANSI's Z-21 Committee, which AGA dominates, won't set the standards. But the AGA wants you to believe that it is not

interfering in the market.

That's the circle this thing has been going in for eight years, and no end is in sight. Using American Petroleum Institute figures, it means that because this nation has been deprived of a device common in Europe, we have over the past eight years wasted, up the flue, the equivalent of enough energy to meet all our energy needs—autos, factories, power plants, everything—for a six-month period. And we will go on wasting at that rate, or greater, until the American Gas Association gives us a break. □

MYTHS AND REALITIES

The Rights of the Palestinians

FRANK GERVASI

In the mephitic clouds of propaganda generated by Arab spokesmen in the United Nations since the establishment of the state of Israel twenty-eight years ago come May 14, many myths have flourished. To hear the Arabs tell it, Palestine was always an exclusively Arab country; not they but the Israelis have been the aggressors in their long bloody duel in the Holy Land; the United Nations acted unjustly and illegally in partitioning Palestine to make possible the Jewish nation, and the Israelis have persistently trampled upon the "inalienable rights" of the Palestinians to "self-determination."

Of the fictions put forward by the Arabs in support of their "case" against Israel, the most noxious, however, is the charge that the Israelis have been unaware of the rights of those Palestinians who share their homeland. Yet, oddly enough, it is the one that has found wide acceptance as fact among certain historians, intellectuals and a mixed bag of anti-Zionist Jews and gentiles, especially since the October war of 1973 which crystallized what until then had been an amorphous Palestinian nationalism.

This is not to argue that in creating Israel the Jews did not perpetrate injustices against the Arab population in Palestine. But they were wrongs which the Israelis repeatedly tried to put right. As far back as July 1949, Israel offered to incorporate into its own territory the Palestinians who had abandoned their homes during the 1948 fighting and taken refuge in the already crowded Gaza Strip. But the offer was refused—not by the Palestinians, who had no voice in their destiny at the time—but by the outside Arab powers.

Israel then proposed making the problem of the displaced Palestinians the first item of business on the agenda of peace negotiations, but that offer was also rejected. Israel subsequently offered to take back 100,000 refugees, no questions asked. The Arabs never bothered

even to reply. In 1963, Israel announced at the United Nations its readiness to negotiate a comprehensive settlement of the refugee problem—for that was what it was at the time—again with negative results.

In the years that followed, until the eve of the Six Day War of 1967, Israel time and again sought to settle the refugee question by offering compensation for landed property left behind by former Arab residents in Israeli territory and, to this end, requested a United Nations body to appraise the properties involved. The Arab governments would have no part of such compensatory schemes because, as far as they were concerned, acceptance would have meant closing the books on the problem of the Palestinian refugees.

However, the Palestinians willingly agreed to an Israeli family reunification plan whereby 106,000 have returned to the Gaza Strip or the West Bank since 1949. In other words, roughly 20 per cent of the bona-fide Palestinian refugees of the wars of 1948 and 1967 are back in their old homes, or have returned to Palestinian soil. Had the adjacent Arab countries shown comparable compassion for the plight of the Palestinians there might have been peace in the Holy Land instead of a continuing struggle over the same piece of territory.

The Palestinians are rewriting history when they claim to have been "displaced and uprooted" from their homeland by the Israelis. All but the 490,000 who live in the region's refugee camps, and who could have been absorbed in the host countries, still reside within the borders of geographic Palestine as citizens of Jordan or Israel, or in Israeli-occupied territory. It bears repeating that the Arab states did not allow the Palestinians to create their own state in the portions of Palestine assigned to them by the United Nations Security Council's Partition Resolution of 1947, whereupon the Palestinians heeded the call to *jihad* of the neighboring Arab nations, were defeated, and became stateless.

One could argue, as have some Israelis since 1948, that the Palestinians forfeited their right to statehood when they joined their Arab neighbors in the war that was intended to destroy Israel aborning. The fact remains,

Frank Gervasi is a veteran journalist who has covered the Mediterranean and Middle East areas since the mid-1930s. His several books include The Case for Israel, published by Viking in 1967, and the current Thunder Over the Mediterranean, published late in 1975 by David McKay.

however, that they too have roots in Palestine, an undeniable lien on the territory based on the normal association of a people with the land in which they have lived for centuries, ever since the Arabs irrupted into the Mediterranean world some 1,300 years ago.

The Arabs of Palestine undoubtedly form a national group of their own, distinct from Egyptians, Syrians and Hashemite Jordanians; hence they are entitled to self-determination. But in what context? Certainly not within the framework of the "real solution" proposed by Arafat in his harangue at the U.N. in the autumn of 1974, when he proposed creation of a "secular, democratic Palestine" to replace Israel.

The Arab-Jewish conflict over Palestine is a clash, not between right and wrong but between two rights; that is what makes it so devilishly difficult to resolve. However, the Palestinians' quarrel should not be with the Jews, who accepted and recognized their right to have a state of their own when it was proposed, but with those who deprived them of the territory allocated to them by the Security Council's Partition Resolution of 1947—in the war that erupted in the spring of the following year, less than twenty-four hours after Israel's independence was proclaimed.

In that war, the Palestinians were the main losers. The independent Arab state that was to have been set up in 1947 in those parts of Palestine not allocated to the Jews never materialized, because after World War I Palestine had ceased to exist as an administrative-political unit, and was divided among Israel, Egypt and Jordan. The latter already possessed 35,000 square miles of the 45,000 square miles of the geographic Palestine of the British Mandate, and in 1948 acquired by conquest the West Bank and East Jerusalem, comprising somewhat more than 2,000 square miles of additional territory which Jordan annexed outright. I recall no great outpouring of indignation over Jordan's seizure of Judea and Samaria, and the eastern half of a Jerusalem that, in accordance with the United Nations' partition plan, was to have been internationalized. But I digress.

After the Arab-Israeli war of 1948 the idea of a separate identity for the Palestinians lay dormant. It persisted only in the refugee camps, nourished there by the Arab states, mainly Egypt and Syria, as part of their grand design for a collective struggle against Israel. Jordan regarded itself as the sole representative of the Palestinian Arabs and, while not averse to anti-Israeli agitation among the refugees, it opposed the creation of a "Palestine Entity," or autonomous Palestinian State, as anti-Jordanian and subversive. Having unlawfully annexed the Arab portions of a whittled-down Palestine, Jordan wanted no clamorings for self-determination among its newly acquired subjects. Palestinian nationalism, such as it was, remained largely a refugee phenomenon until the Palestinians, weary of being used as pawns in a propaganda game, became convinced that they should assume responsibility for their fate.

The result was the formation in 1964 of the PLO, which at first left the nature of Palestinian self-determination deliberately vague, and made no demands for the establishment of a Palestinian state. The PLO was mainly the

brainchild of Gamal Abdul Nasser who saw it as a potentially valuable propaganda and military weapon against Israel, and against Jordan, whose territory he coveted. An opponent of monarchical regimes in the Middle East, Nasser was then at the apogee of his power and ambitious to bring under the Egyptian flag as much of Jordan (and Yemen) as he could conquer or subvert.

From its inception the PLO was a cover devised to enable Egypt and its allies to continue their fight against Israel, after the defeats sustained in 1948 and 1956, under the guise of a popular Palestinian "war of liberation"—the idea being, of course, to "liberate" Israel from Israel. A Palestinian Army of Liberation was organized with Egyptian money and weapons, and with manpower drawn almost entirely from the refugee camps.

Soon after the PLO was launched, Palestinians in Syria, Lebanon, Iraq and Jordan created their own competing organizations. All bore similar names, emphasized paramilitary terrorist tactics, and in greater or lesser degree enjoyed the political and logistical support of their host countries. Their most valuable ally, however, turned out to be Western television. The medium's camera crews delighted in producing exciting, and often tendentious, "documentaries" showing Palestinians of all ages, even grade school moppets, receiving intensive training in the use of weapons with which to "regain their lost homeland." The taped and filmed essays nourished the myth that the Palestinians had been robbed of their territory. The publicity was meat and drink to the PLO, and soon produced a "star": Yasir Arafat.

Arafat's Al Fatah operated from Syria in close cooperation with the radical Baath Party. Between January 1965 and June 1967, Arafat, with Syrian assistance, mounted 113 sabotage operations against Israel, thereby helping to precipitate the Six Day War. The following year, Arafat emerged as Al Fatah's chief and the PLO became the dominant element within the expanding infrastructure of the "liberation movement."

More than a score of new terrorist groups sprang up, each with its own neo-Marxist or Maoist ideology, but united in one ultimate objective: the elimination of Israel and its replacement by an Arab Palestine. Whereas at first the "Palestine" to be "liberated" was defined as the territory contained within the boundaries of the Israel of 1948, it was now redefined as "all of Mandatory Palestine," including, therefore, those 35,000 square miles of land east of the Jordan River under Hussein's rule.

It is an interesting but rarely noted fact that both Hussein and those who would depose him agree that Jordan is Palestine and Palestine is Jordan. Clearly, therefore, the long-range interests of the Palestinians would best be served by the creation of a Palestinian-Jordanian State with its capital in Amman. A solution along those lines actually was proposed by Hussein in the spring of 1972 with his plan for a federal state to include the East and West banks of the Jordan and to be known as the United Arab Kingdom. Hussein's scheme called for two capitals, Amman and Jerusalem, and a governor-general with a peoples' council in each region. The king's plan depended on Israeli withdrawal from territories occupied in 1967, but conceded that Jerusalem should remain the capital of Israel as well as of the West Bank. Hussein

insisted, however, that the proposed new state should have an army—Jordan's.

Not surprisingly, Hussein's scheme received a cool reception from the Israelis. They could not accept the re-establishment of a Jordanian military presence in Samaria and Judea, and while they were willing to share sovereignty in Jerusalem with Jordan, they were understandably reluctant to return to the indefensible cease-fire lines of the "hourglass shaped" Israel of 1948-67 when Arab Tulkarm, in Samaria, was only a good day's hike (about 12 miles) from Jewish Netanya, on the Mediterranean.

Arab reaction to Hussein's proposal was universally hostile. The plan was denounced as outright "treachery" by the PLO, and Egypt broke diplomatic relations with Jordan. Hussein's political and economic isolation in the Arab world deepened. Oil-rich Kuwait and Libya had cut off financial aid in 1971 when the king suppressed the PLO's guerrillas, and the two states refused to resume their subsidies. Jordan thereafter relied increasingly on assistance from the United States and Saudi Arabia.

Moreover, the Palestinian residents of the occupied territories were at best only lukewarm to the Hussein plan. Like their occupiers, they were enjoying an economic boom of unprecedented dimensions. Tens of thousands of Arabs from Gaza and the West Bank daily crossed the old border to work in Israel. Guerrilla and terrorist resistance inside the occupied areas had practically ceased; 150,000 Arabs from outside countries annually visited friends and relatives in the occupied territories and in Israel and could stay as long as three months. The Jordan River bridges remained open to trade and to individual Arabs with virtually no restrictions, and continue open even now while there is unrest in the West Bank.

As a consequence of their everyday contacts with Israel since 1967, the Palestinians in what the Israelis call the "administered areas" had by 1973 concluded that they needed to make a settlement with the Israelis. But the attempts of local West Bank leaders to engage in serious negotiations with the Israeli authorities aroused the concerted opposition of the terrorist organizations, as well as of Jordan and Egypt, and the Palestinians were obliged to abandon their attempts to come to terms with the Jews or risk reprisals.

Ironically, the most energetic discussion about a future Palestinian "State" or "entity" was being carried on not by the Palestinians but by the Israelis. It was initiated by the former secretary-general of the Labor Party, Liova Eliav, who had introduced the issue into his campaign for the 1973 elections which were due in October but were postponed because of the Yom Kippur War.

In the war's aftermath, sentiment for "justice" for the Palestinians who share their land is stronger than ever among Israeli liberals of the *sabra* generation. They take a dim view of the maximalist "this land is ours" position of their elders in the Likud and other right-wing parties, arguing that Zionism, itself based on the notion of a "Jewish entity" even when the Jews had no territory of their own, should not now deny national identity to the

Palestinians. "You can partition territory," I have heard them say again and again, "but rights are indivisible."

Failure to create a "Palestinian entity" immediately after the Six Day War probably ranks high among Israel's mistakes in shaping the nation's Arab policy. By insisting that there were only two states—Israel and Jordan—between the Mediterranean Sea and the Jordan River, Israel played into the hands of the extremists. The Jewish state left itself open to charges of "expansionist ambitions" and "suppression of natural rights."

However, even at this critical juncture in Arab-Israeli relations a solution along the lines suggested by Eliav and others still seems possible and might have far-reaching beneficial effect. An Israeli declaration of recognition of the Palestinians' rights within a politically autonomous "entity" linked economically with Israel and Jordan, and for the time being at least under Israeli military protection, could pull the political rug out from Arafat and the PLO, easing what is becoming an increasingly intolerable situation that can lead only to another round of Arab-Israeli warfare.

Alternatively, the only solution would seem to lie within the compass of a Jordanian-Palestinian State. Most Palestinians are Jordanian citizens, and most of Jordan's subjects are Palestinians. Logically, the Palestinian problem cannot be solved unless Jordan is a partner in its solution. The main issues between Israel and its neighbor across the river are the establishment of secure borders, and the determination of compensation for the abandoned property of those Palestinians who became refugees during the Six Day War. Approached in a spirit of compromise, both issues could be resolved. From all accounts, Hussein, after being shouldered aside at Rabat, would be as willin' as Barkis to negotiate along those lines.

Unfortunately, and this is something few outsiders seem to understand, hatred for Israel became a unifying force in Arab nationalism, which otherwise was riven by inter-Arab rivalries, instability and upheavals. Hatred is the dark face of Arab nationalism. At the Rabat summit conference it showed itself more clearly than ever before, and as Barbara Ward points out in *Five Ideas That Change the World* "no international society can survive peacefully if nations organize their energies on the basis of so much hatred for other groups."

"It is hardly a praiseworthy achievement to keep the world on the brink of war," she writes. "No local aim can be worth the risk of general destruction. In its blind disregard of others' rights and interests, in its total absorption in its own ambitions, Arab nationalism may end not by recreating the Middle East but by ending the whole human experiment."

From the beginning, the real cause of the Middle East conflict has not been the Arab states' concern for the "rights" or "interests" of the Palestinians but their refusal to concede Israel's right to exist. For all their endorsements of the revolutionary aims of the PLO at Rabat, the Arab states are not sincerely concerned with "self-determination" for the Palestinians, but with fulfilling their own expansionist ambitions in the area that formerly was Palestine—all of it, the portions that are now Israel, the West Bank, Gaza Strip and Jordan, in sum, the whole of the original 45,000 square miles of Mandatory Palestine. □

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Computer—A Little Lower Than the Angels

COMPUTER POWER AND HUMAN REASON: From Judgment to Calculation. By Joseph Weizenbaum. W.H. Freeman and Co. San Francisco. 300 pp. \$9.95.

THEODORE ROSZAK

In the popular mind, the human fascination with technology is usually regarded as an infatuation with brute force: from the steam engine to the H-bomb, a pursuit of the power to move mountains or shatter continents. But there is another, more subtle strain to our technology which may have far more to do with our passion for the machine, and which may yet prove the more lethal love. This is the line of descent that runs from the clock to the computer: a fascination with the machine as an intelligence, and ultimately as the "software" intelligence that now commands the power of entire cybernetic systems, thus transforming mere mechanical force into the awesome industrial Leviathan that dominates the planet.

Ever since the first great clock towers were raised in late medieval Europe, there have been those who saw in the escapement-governed timepiece a marvelous imitation of mind, a machinery that seemed able to count, remember, regulate, impose order. Not only could the clock simulate these intelligent acts but it could do them better than people could. It was more precise, more reliable, more single-minded, more objective. Unlike machines of force, the clock possessed a superiority human beings could authentically respect. After all, the engine was no more than a better beast of burden, a mere concentration of horsepower. But the clock was, at least in some respects, a better *mind*, a concentration of brain power. Indeed, perhaps the whole of nature, conceived of as the Newtonian world-machine, was a species of clock, ticking away in praise of its watchmaker deity. Perhaps its cool regularity was a purer image of the divine than the errant human soul. Certainly the clock is the first machine before which people have been willing

to abase themselves, as if before an intimidating master. We wake to the alarm clock and live to the tempo of the watch on our wrist. The assembly line remains our classic depiction of mankind reduced to industrial servitude, driven like some abject animal to the rhythm of a merciless clockwork.

The watchmakers of the 18th century could be breath-takingly ingenious in their mechanical designs. They invented automata that could be programmed to play musical instruments, dance, sing, even write messages in a fine, flowing script. The Swiss technician Jacques Vaucanson assembled a scale-model, clockwork duck that became the wonder of Europe; sitting atop a vast box of gears and springs, it could quack, flap its wings, eat, digest and defecate. Almost a real duck, some said. Clever toys. If their only role had been to demonstrate human technical skill, they would have been innocent enough. But there were always those at hand who were tempted to see more promise in these stiff and creaking little caricatures of life than they ever warranted. They inspired unholy dreams of a technology that might soon surpass organic nature, machines that might even outthink their own inventors. Did such automata not already prove beyond all doubt that life and mind were "nothing but" an intricate clockwork? It was the windup automaton that the French physician Julien La Mettrie had in mind when he wrote his sensational tract, *L'Homme machine*, arguing that the body was no more than a machine and the soul no more than its mainspring-brain.

Such mechanistic reductionism continues unabated in our own day as the stuff of advanced scientific research. Only now the technological references have become more sophisticated. The biochemists now tell us that the "secret of life" is some manner of chemical cybernation among the proteins and nucleic acids; all their metaphors are borrowed from electronics and information technology. Meanwhile, researchers in "artificial intelligence" (AI) tell us that

There are now in the world machines that think, that learn and that create. Moreover, their ability to do these things is going to increase rapidly until—in the visible future—the range of

problems they can handle will be co-extensive with the range to which the human mind has been applied.

The words are those of Herbert Simon and Allen Newell of Carnegie-Mellon University; they were written in 1958, apparently about a "visible future" still well beyond us.

There has always been an exquisite irony to these godlike pretensions. They begin as a blasphemous aspiration to miraculous powers. But they finish by depreciating the blasphemers and all their works by insisting that, after all, life and mind must be "nothing but" whatever the technology of the day can manage to explain or imitate. There are, let us remember, two ways to make machines that are the equivalent of people. One way would be to raise the machine in fact to a fully human level of performance. But that never quite works. The other is then to scale the human down to the level of the machine, perhaps by reducing all human conduct and culture to the machine's limited capacities. Conceive of music, for example, as any mediocre melody or any random collection of sounds, and for sure you can invent a machine that "creates" music. Or insist that policy making is simply a shuffling about of cost-benefit statistics in pursuit of "more," "bigger," "faster," and for sure you can invent a *machine à gouverner*.

Joseph Weizenbaum has written a superb study of the place of the digital computer in the technological megalomania of our society. At the most obvious level, his book is a magisterial critique of computer science by one of the leading members of the profession. The book surveys the social vices of the computer establishment, its role in servicing the military-industrial complex, and its contribution to the technocratic ethos of contemporary capitalism. But at another level, this is a poignantly personal work of confessional literature born of a man's moral distress before the terrible consequences of his own actions. If belonging to a "profession" means pursuing a vocation bound by ethical responsibility to the public, then Weizenbaum is one of those rare birds, a true professional willing to take his colleagues and himself to task for their derelictions.

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In Weizenbaum's case, the transgression was wholly unintentional and quite unforeseen, but it became an instructive crisis in his career and the occasion for his book. In 1967, Weizenbaum devised a program that allowed a computer to mimic a certain kind of human conversation. He called the program ELIZA, after Shaw's Eliza in *Pygmalion*, and chose for its model of conversation the psychiatric interview. The choice was both shrewd and revealing. In the psychiatric interview, the therapist resorts to a studied and absolute neutrality devoid of all color, warmth or judgment. That is not an easy role for most people to maintain, but it is exactly what comes naturally to the computer. Thus, ELIZA "replied" (by typewriter) to all that was said to it by surrounding its interlocuter's key words with general questions or noncommittal persiflage: "Tell me more about your family." "Your boyfriend sent you here?" "I am sorry to hear you are depressed." "Can you think of an example?"

In effect, ELIZA was saying nothing at all, but simply juggling words into prescribed grammatical contexts. Weizenbaum's program was capitalizing on the peculiar blankness of a highly stylized form of discourse in which one party maneuvers the other into doing all the real talking. Thus, where one party provisionally affects a machine-like impersonality, we do indeed have "conversation" that a machine can imitate. ELIZA had less to do with showing how much a computer can do than with revealing how cognitively and emotionally empty some forms of human interaction can be—albeit, in this case, with a therapeutic intention wholly beyond the computer's competence.

Much to Weizenbaum's amazement, however, ELIZA quickly received glowing tributes both in the press and in the psychiatric world as a serious contribution to the actual practice of psychotherapy. The clever illusion was hailed as proof that computers can carry on significant conversation in natural languages and can become helpful companions to people. At M.I.T. and other campuses, the program (renamed DOCTOR) became a popular plaything. There were even some who requested that they be left in private to carry on surprisingly intimate *tête-a-têtes* with this new, electronic father-confessor. "What I had not realized," Weizenbaum comments, "is that extremely short exposures to a relatively simple computer program could induce powerful delusional thinking in quite normal people. This insight led me to attach new importance to questions of the relationship between the individual and the com-

OF WHALES AND MEN, 1864

*The possible
world:*

*a man
named Sven Foy
invented
the end:*

*we began
to explode
inside:*

*what struck us
stuck:*

*we died,
slowly,
of the barb
charged
to tow us:
it came
in time
to be general
practice.*

Philip Booth

puter, and hence to resolve to think about them."

The issue which Weizenbaum was led to ponder by his unsettling experience with ELIZA was the question of *limits*. What *are* the actual limits of computer technology, and what *ought to be* its ethical limits? The two questions are inextricably connected, because it is only by virtue of the assumption that computers *can* indeed think, learn, understand, and create that we find them being introduced into political, economic and military decision making—and, conversely, find people abrogating their responsibility to exercise judgment in favor of letting the machine run the show. And lest this be thought a purely academic question, let us recall (as Weizenbaum reminds us in the most compelling section of his book) that most of the bombing war in Vietnam was generated by Air Force computers, which selected the targets and prescribed bombing levels. So too, and even more appallingly, much of what the world's balance of terror system will or will not do has been entrusted to computer programs that are expected to evaluate data and initiate action faster and more "reliably" than human brains. Our very survival as a species has been made dependent on machines which we—or somebody—believes can think and decide better than people can.

What can the computer do? Weizenbaum begins with basics, with a commendably lucid exposition of how computers work that is a model of popular

science instruction. What these chapters reveal is the wholly formalistic, bit-by-bit, and "byte-by-byte" logicity which radically distinguishes computer programs from anything we would regard as "insight," "intuition," "learning," or—so I would argue—"thinking." Weizenbaum shows how all computer processes require the specification of an "effective procedure," "a set of rules which tells us in precise and unambiguous language what to do from one moment to the next" in much the same way that a piano roll tells a piano how to play a tune. Thus, what goes on inside a computer is a rough and stilted caricature of what the mind does—unless, of course, we are deliberately functioning at some inhibited, low-grade activity, like, for example, children being taught by some plodding, wholly uninspired method of instruction or students being quizzed with true/false questions. This is not to deny that what computers do is an ingenious achievement; but it bears the same resemblance to real mentality that painting by numbers bears to art.

This leads Weizenbaum to take serious issue with the inordinate claims of the "artificial intelligentsia" who have been promising us for the past two decades that they are well on their way to developing machines that will out-think people. Of all fields of scientific research, probably none has been so inflated by public relations exaggeration and gimmickry as AI, where the habit of making startling pronouncements has become deeply ingrained, perhaps as a way of justifying enormous, usually nonproductive expenditures. For example, Prof. John McCarthy, head of Stanford University's AI Laboratory, is quoted as saying, "The only reason we have not yet succeeded in simulating every aspect of the real world is that we have been lacking a sufficiently powerful logical calculus. I am currently working on that problem."

As Weizenbaum is at pains to point out, all mental operations referred to in AI can only be invoked metaphorically. Computer "memory" resembles human memory no more closely than filing cabinets and library card catalogues do; in no other sense do computers "remember" things than that they also have lots of raw information stored away within them. But is it possible for a computer to have a painful memory . . . or a happy memory? Or to forget by way of guilty repression? Such questions are absurd, though no doubt there are AI researchers who will insist that a computer might "in theory" be programmed to groan or chuckle as it brought forth certain data points. It is just such reductionistic sleight of hand

that is involved in all claims that computers can "think," "understand," "translate" or "make decisions." As Weizenbaum observes, "there are some things humans know by virtue of having a human body." Other things we understand because we were born from a mother's womb, have been raised in families, have suffered through Oedipal complexes and adolescent identity crises, and have stood terrified in the face of death. All this is embedded in our language and our knowledge as nuance, connotation, overtone, emotional shading—and none of it can be formalized into a computer program. That is why we show no signs of being ready to exchange our natural languages for the logical rigor of FORTRAN. As much as our prehistoric ancestors, we need a diction that bears the thumb smudge of experience, a fuzzy, sloppy speech that means more than it says, and so, in Michael Polanyi's terms, does justice to the "tacit dimension" of life. To claim that the computer will ever master our messy human realities—or indeed improve upon the mind's way of dealing with them—is, as Weizenbaum concludes, "a sign of the madness of our time."

And still, the computer is a prodigious invention, capable of much useful work. While Weizenbaum is commendably skeptical that human "progress" is really dependent on having quite so much information technology around (he sees much of it as mere industrial fashion, a sort of high technocratic conspicuous consumption that occasions much elitist obfuscation), he acknowledges the computer's very real prowess as calculator and data processor. Which raises his second question concerning the limits of computer power. *What ought we to allow the computer to do, and what must we forbid?*

Weizenbaum's ethical position here flows from his conclusions about the radical difference between human mentality and its computer simulations. Let us assume, he argues, that the computer is a form of "intelligence," perhaps even a superior intelligence. It is nevertheless an alien intelligence—"alien to genuine human problems and concerns," and so not to be entrusted with any "human function that involves interpersonal respect, understanding, and love." To do so—say, in the form of psychotherapy or judicial machines that take the place of doctor, counselor, or judge—would be "simply obscene." It would be like entrusting our lives to men from Mars who might in some sense be "smarter" than we are, but who could in no sense share our humanity.

There have been many debates on "Computers and Mind." What I conclude here is that the relevant issues are neither technological nor even mathematical; they are ethical. They cannot be settled by asking questions beginning with "can." . . . What emerges as the most elementary insight is that, since we do not now have any ways of making computers wise, we ought not now to give computers tasks that demand wisdom.

Weizenbaum also calls for an end to all research directed toward producing machine-animal symbionts: computers equipped with an animal's brain and eyes. This he denounces as "an attack on life itself" that would turn the computer into a veritable monstrosity even more grotesquely remote from the humanity it is supposed to "understand" and serve.

Finally, he would stop all research that seeks to give the computer power to understand human speech, and so to accept voice commands. He is convinced that such speech-recognition machines would be put to the interpersonal use he rejects for the computer, creating, like his own ELIZA, an illusion of human companionability which it would be pathetic in the extreme to regard as an acceptable substitute. He is also convinced, with obvious justification, that such "listening machines" would find their main use as instruments of police surveillance: still another electronic snooper.

Despite the myriad horrors and inanities it reports, one reads Weizenbaum's book with a profound sense of moral pleasure. It is a model of informed, humanistic criticism: the work of a man who is struggling with the utmost seriousness to save our humanity from the reductionist onslaught of one of the most prestigious, active, and richly funded technologies of our time. How easily the proponents of artificial intelligence get away with pseudo-scientific pronouncements like, "programmed computers and human problem solver are both species belonging to the genus Information Processing System." How easily we overlook the fearful implications behind such a deceptive identification of the human and the mechanical. Within that facile metaphorical transformation, the seeds of the Brave New World lie hidden, the germs of a brutal culture planed down to the one-dimensional logicity of the robot and the automaton. We need people like Weizenbaum—people who have an expert appreciation of the computer's power, but who also know its severe limitations—

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to remind us that "computers and men are not species of the same genus."

The most impressive feature of Weizenbaum's book is the author's brave willingness to be simply and vulnerably human in these pages, to speak openly of love, of feeling, of our creature needs for family, trust, self-respect and moral

dignity: all the subtle modalities that will never find their place in a computer program. And yet it is surely a bleak sign of the times that we should have to congratulate a member of a respected and massively influential profession for being able to tell the difference between a person and a machine. □

'The Real American Thing'

FAMILY FEELING. By Helen Yglesias. *The Dial Press.* 309 pp. \$8.95.

MARJORIE PRYSE

"There was no path from her past to my future," writes the narrator-protagonist, Anne Goddard, as she sifts through her lifelong store of memories about her mother in Helen Yglesias's second novel. "The spare bits of information make a stilted history which I reconstruct painstakingly into a sampler of my mother's early life." If Mama Goddard's history seems stilted to her daughter, the novel which results from Anne's gaze at her second-generation Jewish immigrant past can only be described as stunning. Yglesias creates her family of Goddards, Mama and Papa and seven brothers and sisters, with intricacy and care, as if she were placing jewels in a necklace or planning a city park.

Anne, the youngest born, steps out of the sampler and into a train station in the first dramatic scene, Mama's funeral. As Anne waits with several of her brothers and sisters for Papa's arrival, the novelist evokes a family setting which few readers will find unfamiliar. Anne looks from one Goddard face to another and tries to discover her future there. The others, "a whole family of grown-ups," deny Anne's ability to remember as much as she does. Born later than they, she fights for their approval and recognition. As if to re-create the family feeling which for all of them is breaking up at Mama's death, Anne will cling for the next twenty years to the connections which bind them together.

Yet as hard as she struggles to unite her siblings after Papa Goddard's remarriage and subsequent death, she tries just as hard to escape the burden of family, its "infection." Family feeling becomes redefined in her mind as a Communist brotherhood when she meets Bill Morris in the 1930s, and "what mattered was

being in love with Bill and being in love with changing the world." Morris demands that she break her emotional ties to her family and in particular to her brother Barry, ruthless, ambitious, successful, the family's top dog. He represents everything Anne has allied herself against: he is the class enemy.

Later, when Anne and Bill separate, Barry phones, consoling, wanting to help Anne. Barry has single-handedly supported his family through the depression, and his interpretation of family feeling allows him to exact emotional dependence as well as gratitude from the others for his financial generosity. Anne turns down his aid and his advice. "This is what a daughter must feel, she imagines, toward a powerful governing father—love, hate, fear, submission and defiance, an ambivalent violent passion capable of murder." Alone among her brothers and sisters, Anne challenges her brother's authority. "You know what I need, Barry?" she says. "I badly need to be left to myself by my family."

Yglesias emphasizes the increasing distance which separates Anne from Barry as well as her sisters by a series of inter-chapters mock-comically titled "What's New With The Family?" As sister Connie, once the powerful oldest, sinks deeper into depression, as Shana, once the childhood intimate, becomes the jealous and insecure matron, and as the others all take and take from Barry, Anne mourns the "hardening of the heart." This is a disease of the family, a consequence of world war, and represents the dismal path from the past to the future for contemporary Americans generally as "hearts harden" and the novel itself proceeds "at an accelerated pace in the late forties and fifties."

However, the "ambivalent violent passion" which destroys feeling for the Goddards does not herald the death of the family. In fact, *Family Feeling* is convincing evidence that neither the novel nor the family is dead. Anne discovers true family feeling in the work which allows her, after years of struggle, to

take her place as one of a popular magazine's list of "fifty leading intellectuals." After publishing several nonfiction studies of literature and American life, she becomes interested in Frederick Law Olmsted, the 19th-century sociologist of slavery, founder of the field of landscape architecture, designer of Central Park, an associate editor of *The Nation* very nearly at its founding, and metaphoric emblem of Yglesias's narrative style. It is at this point in the novel that the family sampler is transformed into an American landscape.

In her new project, Anne explores her fascination with the American past. "The real American thing. It lures; I follow, though the significance of the connections evades me." The reader follows as well, through a chapter about the life of Olmsted, a real person who belies the novel's declaration that "This is a work of fiction. None of the characters . . . represent real persons, living or dead." Anne finds Olmsted fascinating because "the history of the country and the history of his family are naturally intertwined."

Perhaps he reminds her of her second husband, Guy Rossiter, a wealthy New England WASP and a liberal writer and critic, whom she meets after her separation from Morris and who encourages her in her own literary career. Perhaps he reminds her of Barry, pushing his way in the 1960s out of the oblivion of tenements to a penthouse in the Goddard Building and his conglomerate interests. She herself claims that Olmsted is "my legendary grandfather, my real American hero."

Yglesias's fictional reconstruction of Olmsted's life, in the style of notes for a film version of an historical novel, is a daring, original and intriguing digression from the Goddards' family history. She seems to be saying here that the American's family tree includes historical personages—the "real people" of her own disclaimer—who allow us not only to establish our links with our immigrant relatives but also to re-establish familial relationships with the past. If Anne Goddard realizes the necessity of appraising and escaping her family's influence, she also finds it possible to make new connections.

Olmsted is more than a fictional digression as the novel moves powerfully to its close. In fact, his life and that of Anne Goddard intersect twice, even though he died before she was born. As part of her narration of his history, she describes a legendary court case in which Olmsted was reputed to have exposed the Astors and won, "the democratic knight against the grubby business barons." In an ironic inversion of this

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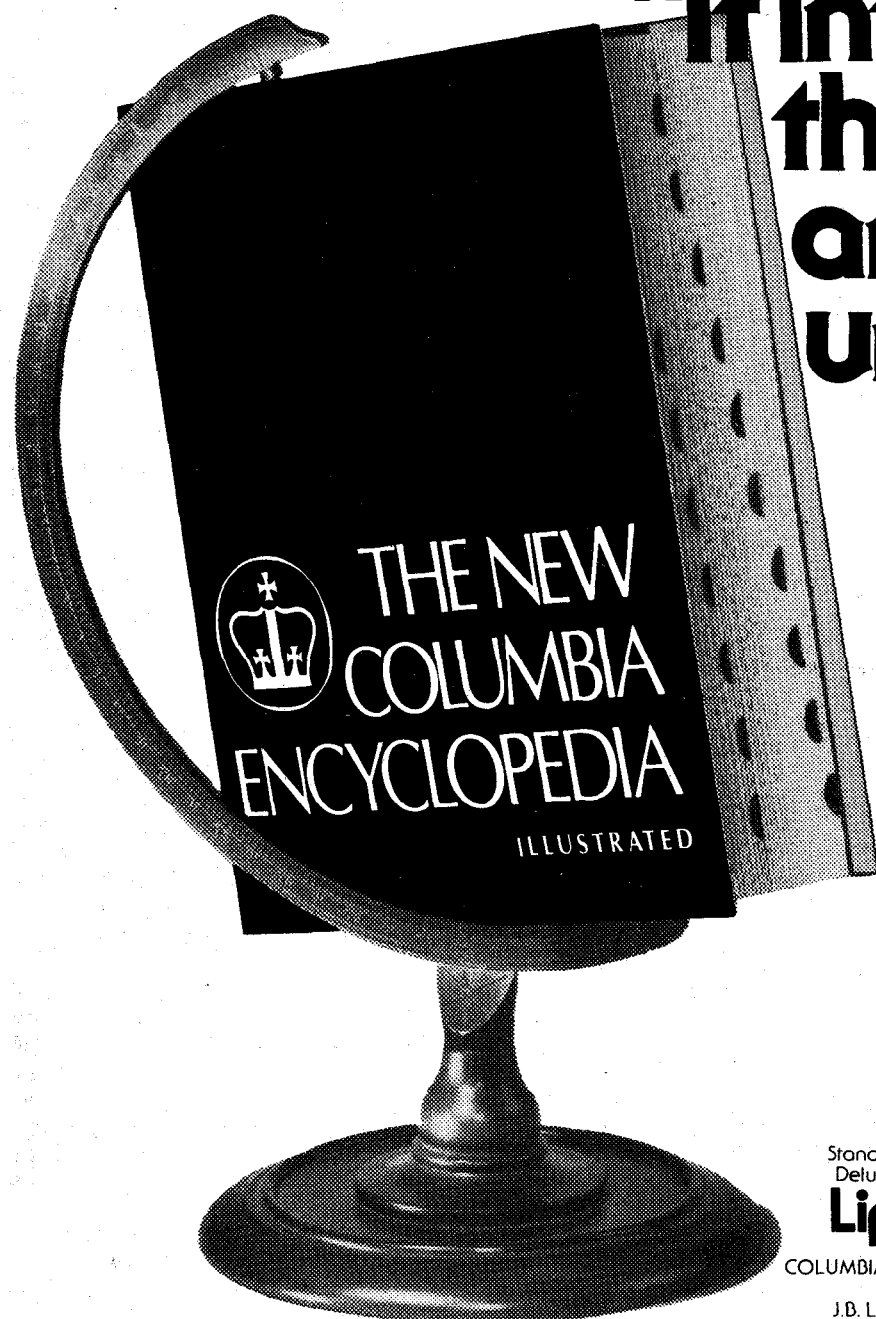
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legend, Barry Goddard, himself such a baron, is threatened by his brother-in-law, mad Connie's husband, who intends to unite the brothers and sisters against Barry by contesting Papa Goddard's will. In order to discuss that court suit, the family holds a last "reunion," this time by means of cross-continental telephone "connections" which only dramatize the lack of enduring family ties. Then, in an incident which further demonstrates the ironies of Anne's fascination with Olmsted, her husband Guy, out riding a new bicycle, is hit over the head by young thieves and killed in Olmsted's "jewel," Central Park.

The apparent contradictions in Anne's life, between her Bronx childhood and her Upper East Side luxurious middle age, between her Jewish heritage and the WASP landscape gardener whom she adopts as her grandfather, between her

young womanhood as a Communist demonstrator and her constant affection for her corporate executive brother, all find resolution in Helen Yglesias's choice of title. "Family feeling" yokes the two elements of a contemporary paradox: family negates feeling at the same time that feeling creates family. Barry comments shrewdly on the way the Chinese use extended families to run their factories—"a beautiful idea, but it can't work." It can't work because, for Barry, family ties only serve to build spheres of influence. Anne herself, who labors throughout the novel to reinforce these ties, ends by rejecting most of them. She lives within her own paradox—that "feeling" is simply a metaphor for adopting and embracing and recognizing those forces which connect every New Yorker with Central Park and every American with her past. □

is a shrewd, plausible interpretation. It makes good sense of the limited evidence on the Soviet side, for Dinerstein has read the relevant newspaper reports and public statements with tenacity and enthusiasm. For example, he emphasizes the fact that in February 1962 the Soviets asserted publicly their right to establish overseas nuclear bases. Perhaps this Soviet statement, as well as Castro's hint in July, was intended as a warning to Kennedy, Dinerstein suggests. Whatever Soviet intentions may have been, Kennedy's silence "must have been reassuring" to Khrushchev—evidence of American acquiescence.

Just as the United States misunderstood Soviet statements, Dinerstein argues, the Soviets misinterpreted American responses. Based upon a series of wrong assumptions and ideological distortion, the pattern of flawed communication continued into the late summer. A single instance: in September, when Soviet officials promised that Khrushchev would not give "offensive" missiles to any nation or create trouble before the November Congressional elections, American leaders misunderstood and concluded that Khrushchev had promised not to supply missiles (even under Soviet control) to Cuba.

Why did the Soviets put the missiles in Cuba? Why did Castro want them? Dinerstein's answers are not new. Castro sought protection from an American invasion and, like Khrushchev, failed to understand that the missiles would actually increase the danger of an attack. For the Soviets, the missiles probably offered many possibilities: a partial closing of the missile gap; protection of Cuba by making a Soviet nuclear reaction seem automatic; improvement of the Soviet position for bargaining in Europe, especially on Berlin; strengthening Soviet prestige and power in the "socialist" camp; and encouragement of liberation movements elsewhere.

The book's discursive treatment of Soviet motives overlooks important problems. Why, for example, did the Soviets first send the MRBM's and delay the IRBM's? Was that a hedge against vigorous American action? Why didn't the Soviets double or triple the number of missiles in Cuba if they wanted to reduce the missile gap significantly? They were about 100 ICBM's behind the United States and knew that the American arsenal would grow by about 140 by June 1963. Was Khrushchev responding to American plans for counterforce—an overwhelming first-strike capability? Was he seeking a cheap way of appeasing some critics in the Kremlin

Miscalculation—What Else Is New?

THE MAKING OF A MISSILE CRISIS: October 1962. By Herbert S. Dinerstein. Johns Hopkins University Press. 336 pp. \$14.95.

BARTON J. BERNSTEIN

On Monday evening, October 22, 1962, President John F. Kennedy told Americans, already anxious about the Soviet military build-up in Cuba, that there were Soviet "offensive" missiles 90 miles from our shores. For the first time in the cold war, the United States and the Soviet Union moved to the brink of nuclear war. It was a time, as Premier Nikita Khrushchev later said, "when the smell of burning hung in the air." Neither Kennedy nor Khrushchev wanted war but for a few days neither leader would retreat.

Most analysts and memoirists agree that earlier Soviet and American miscalculations contributed to the crisis, that neither nation accurately predicted the other's response before the 22nd. Beyond this loose consensus, most of the key questions still evoke vigorous dispute: Why did the Soviets put the missiles in Cuba? Why did Castro want them? Why did the Soviets miscalculate

Kennedy's response? Why didn't Kennedy and his advisers anticipate the Soviet emplacement of missiles? Why didn't Kennedy first negotiate privately with the Soviet Union rather than choose a dangerous public confrontation?

The Bay of Pigs invasion marked, according to Herbert S. Dinerstein, a specialist in Soviet affairs formerly at Rand and now at Johns Hopkins, the turning point in Khrushchev's policy toward Cuba. Earlier, the Soviet leader, remembering the American intervention in Guatemala in 1954, had avoided a public commitment to use nuclear weapons to protect Castro's revolution. During the invasion, he shifted. "We will give . . . [Cuba] every assistance necessary to repulse the armed attack," he warned, thereby making a Soviet retreat difficult. Though that warning probably had no significant influence in shaping Kennedy's behavior, Khrushchev concluded—probably erroneously, according to Dinerstein—that Soviet nuclear power had deterred the President from committing American troops to the failing invasion. The Soviets learned the wrong lesson: that their nuclear power could alter United States policy in the Caribbean.

Thus, to Dinerstein, the emplacement of missiles in Cuba was the logical extension of this wrong lesson. For Khrushchev, then, putting the missiles in Cuba was not a new departure, only the augmentation of demonstrated deterrent power and the consolidation of a position established at the Bay of Pigs. This

Barton Bernstein teaches in the Department of History, Stanford University. He is the editor of Towards a New Past: Dissenting Essays in American History (Random House) and Politics and Policies of the Truman Administration (Quadrangle/The New York Times Book Co.).

who wanted a larger military budget and more ICBM's?

This loosely written volume does not grapple effectively with American policy. Why, we may still ask, did Kennedy's advisers conclude that the Soviets were trying to test Kennedy's and America's "courage and commitment"? Was W. Averell Harriman correct when he advised Kennedy on the 22nd that Khrushchev placed the missiles in Cuba because "there has been great pressure on . . . [him] for a considerable time to do something about our ring of bases, aggravated by our placing Jupiter missiles in Turkey"? Why didn't Llewellyn Thompson and Charles Bohlen, both Soviet experts, triumph within the Executive Committee when they plumped for private negotiations with the Soviet Union before a public confrontation?

Answers to these questions are essential to the author's self-proclaimed task—understanding the making of the missile crisis. They are also essential for assessing Soviet and American behavior. Dinerstein's web of mutual miscalculation spreads responsibility too evenly: the crisis comes to seem unnecessary but inevitable—beyond the capacity of national leaders. Yet, we may still ask, was Kennedy's response on the 22nd necessary or wise? Was Khrushchev's decision to place missiles in Cuba morally equivalent (as Dinerstein implies) to Kennedy's threatening to invade the island if they were not removed? What would have happened if Khrushchev had not backed down and accepted a humiliating defeat? □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

In March the Nancy Hoffman Gallery showed new paintings by Don Eddy and at the Louis K. Meisel Gallery there are new paintings by Audrey Flack (until May 1). The exhibitions are interesting, both for the quality of the work and for the criticism that the artists have generated. When Photo-Realism was new a few years ago criticism stressed the fidelity of the artists to their photographic sources and it was surmised that their objectivity squeezed out any touch of affect. The minutely rendered photographic scenes were taken as brutalist images of American life.

Such commentary accompanied the promotion of Photo-Realism as a movement by the O.K. Harris Gallery downtown, followed by the Sidney Janis Gal-

lery uptown. European interest was intense and prompt: the big exhibition, Documenta, showed Photo-Realists in strength in 1972 and the Ludwig Collection in Germany is the largest repository of the style. At a time of waning group affiliations in art, Photo-Realism has been marketed like the last of the old-time movements. This has included distributing the work to museums and universities across the country and that has contributed to a shift in the literature on Photo-Realism.

Eddy had a show in 1975 at the Williams College Museum of Art. The catalogue written by John Hallmark Neff emphasized the pure pictorial values of Eddy's work. He mentions Hans Hofmann's color-square paintings as analogous to Eddy's store windows and he refers to what he calls "Eddy's dialogue with Matisse." He also speaks of Eddy's having "painters like Jules Olitski in mind" when he evened out his paint surface. In the *Bulletin of the Cleveland Museum of Art* (December 1975) Tom E. Hinson, discussing a recently acquired Eddy, amplifies the first of Neff's points. He notes that Hofmann "repeated some colors in different sections of the painting 'Cathedral,' thus causing the viewer's eyes to move around the canvas in a circular manner as one follows the color pattern. Eddy does precisely the same thing." What is happening is that Eddy is being assimilated into the formal canon of art writing, according to which art can echo art but never the outside world. This seems an odd way to talk about an artist who used to paint automobiles and whose new work is devoted to close-ups of store windows. The recent paintings are intricate in detail and tender in color, like a rococo grotto realized by modern display techniques.

Eddy has been one of the Photo-Realists viewed as a group, but Audrey Flack, like Malcolm Morley, Richard Estes and Charles Close, though working from photographs, has never had a collective identity. Flack's new paintings, called "The Gray Border Series," are mostly gargantuan still life. Bruce Glaser has written the catalogue, and his text is securely based on a thorough knowledge of the artist's work. However, he shares with Neff and Hinson a great reluctance to value the paintings except purely visually. He stresses "formal relationships, in terms of . . . color, size, placement" and concludes that "abstract principles begin to insist themselves more obviously in this realistic context." If early Photo-Realist criticism can be called its cheap and cheerful phase, we have now moved to its second and high

art phase and this entails the snuffing of subject matter.

The earlier pieces in Flack's Gray Border series are, so to say, traditional Photo-Realist enlargements of groups of similar objects, such as apples and pastries, where she is challenging another Photo-Realist, Ben Schonzeit, on his own flossy ground. The later paintings are of diverse objects and it is here that Flack is most purposeful and inventive. A discursive mode of still life painting is her special province. In "Leonardo's Lady" a reproduction of "La Belle Ferronniere" is surrounded by such objects as a porcelain cupid, a pear, a watch, a rose, jewelry and cosmetics. Flack contrasts the flat image of a woman from the past with three-dimensional objects assembled by a later woman. Thus she gives her own emphasis to the theme of vanity suggested by the watch. In "Buddha" a shiny green statue on one side of the picture balances a white porcelain group of putti on the other: left and right of the picture as West and East respectively. The color is graded from white and orange on the left through red to blue to green, so it is possible for a formalist critic to see just the sequence of color, but the continuity of the spectrum is incomplete without the visual and cultural antitheses of the two objects. The objects in still life are never neutral; they carry traces of the symbol systems of the cultures in which they are made and Flack is very alert to

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Prize-Winning Poets—1976

The winners of "DISCOVERY—THE NATION, '76," who will appear at The Poetry Center on Monday, May 3, are Philip Schultz, Mary Swander, Jane Teller and Ellen Bryant Voigt. The contest was judged by Marvin Bell, Audre Lorde and Ruth Whitman. In its second year, the competition represents a fusion of The Poetry Center's "Discovery" contest and *The Nation's* Poetry Prize. It is designed to attract larger audiences for new poets through the combined media of publication and poetry recital.

Nearly a thousand manuscripts were received in "DISCOVERY—THE NATION, '76," which was open to poets who have not been published in book form. The winners were chosen on the basis of a body of work rather than on individual poems.

For publication in *The Nation*, we chose four from the winning groups of poems.

Grace Schulman, Poetry Editor

FOLDING UP

*I slept beside you on this cot,
like your mother during the days
of the white plague, nursing*

*her brother in a tent pitched
at the foot of Pike's Peak.
At night I listened for your cough.*

*It swelled. It filled the room,
a red corpuscle, bursting,
pink as baby skin. I dozed*

*and you called for your mother
again and again and again.
I dreamed her name a needle*

*slipped into your vein; her blood
hung in a bag over your head.
It became my lantern,*

*swaying back sixty years.
I saw three women in flames,
fading into one blue morning.*

*Mother, today I'm folding up
this cot, straightening the corners
of this room. I run my hand over*

*the window with a cool cloth.
The radiator knocks and steams.
The door closes like a canvas flap.*

Mary Swander

SUMMER'S OVER

*I'm not going to let you
pin the tail on my donkey
mr wonderful*

*now that you've pulled the wool
over your eyes you're growing so
thick I have to push myself aside*

*to get through to you, no sir, I'm not going
to be heat you can turn down with a touch
when you don't need the warmth anymore*

*And though my eyes hang like moons unconscious
over the world's center, I can still feel
seasons under the stained glass frost*

*there is a great gathering of thunder
and I believe our leaves are falling*

Jane Teller

GARAGE SALE, LAST DAY IN MAY

*This old farmer rubs a burnt-orange tongue
over oak my father's father smuggled in from Russia.
His eyes glow. We shake hands.
The table is his for twenty dollars.*

*His thick-legged daughter flirts
with a rusted powdertin your mother hammered
out of sardinecans. Your wife's? she wants to know.
It's hers. She curtsies at the door.*

*The lady from Paw Paw bought your black lace shawl.
I think she thinks it'll turn her eyes green, again.
She held it to her cheek and laughed.
She would've waltzed me up Main Street if I'd let her.*

*Beginning takes time & we're always beginning.
I walk the block measuring each step
as if it were my last. Above,
stars roll past like couples, silent with sexual grace.*

Philip Schultz

HOUSE

This orphaned house. Its needs, its presences.

*Something brought us here—how else
could we, raw mourners,
have found it
tucked under the hill beside the sea?*

*Everything still stands
from previous lives: well, woodstove,
the feather tick imprinted
with so many bodies.*

*This place survives their multiple
amputations. The tug on the nipple
after the baby is gone,
after the breast is gone.*

*Trimming the wicks, setting the oak table—
when I move the air gives,
feels polished, I fill
the waiting sleeve with movement.*

And everywhere the proprietary swallows.

* * * * *

*The body learns to incorporate its pain.
Sorrow lodged in the kitchen.
Step-sister. She-who-remembers. There,
in the corner, she worked her practical
arts—intaglio and salt-cure:*

*A splash of brine on the table,
hot iron, knife-slip, a scar,
a trough, the table webs
with stains and scratches.*

*Deep into the water's
grain, a boat engraves
its habits. The wake
has healed but retains
the shape of the hull,
the wound of the rudder.*

* * * * *

I have my routine.

*The garden calls me to its harvesting.
The well needs me to draw up water.*

*From the sea-wind, I read tomorrow's
weather. The swallows surround us.*

*Evenings we sit inside,
under the wing of the unfinished attic.*

*Here, in this place, this parentage,
we live with loss, a child's repeating absence.*

Ellen Bryant Voigt

the irreducible expressivity of things.

She makes a point of departing from the limits of one-point perspective and gravity in her still life, but that does not make her an heiress of Cubism. In "Leonardo's Lady" a bottle of blue nail polish hovers off the ground like a satellite in orbit and in "Gambler's Cabinet" two dice project forward without evident support. However, this fitful intensification of spatial illusion is not anti-realist but the pictorial equivalent of the selective attention with which we focus on one object and then move on. Since all Flack's objects are defined with high precision, this is surely the only way to achieve an effect of roving attention. It is a brilliant invention and typical of her probing curiosity about objects and their representation. Thus recent criticism of Flack, and of Eddy, seems *retardataire* as it retreats from problems of representation in favor of formal standards derived from Abstract painting. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Except for the presence in them both of Marybeth Hurt, there seems to me little reason for readers of this magazine to see the two plays the Phoenix Theatre company is now offering on alternate nights. (Playhouse: 359 W. 48th St.) This is especially true in the case of *Secret Service*.

Miss Hurt is an actress of delightfully cunning humor. For all her ingénue pertness, there are about her whole person refreshing qualities of intelligence and feminine bravery. In addition, her timing in the reading of lines—which implies thinking even more than pace—is most adroit.

The small part of the Telegraph Messenger in *Secret Service* is most aptly played by Rex Robbins. There are other actors of merit in the company—for example, Meryl Streep, so memorable in Williams's *27 Wagons Full of Cotton*—who could do better under more knowing direction than that provided in the present instance.

William Gillette, who wrote and acted in *Secret Service* (1895), besides being the first college-educated actor of the American stage, was famous for his "gentlemanly" or suave underplaying in his farce *Too Much Johnson* and in his melodramas, of which the most famous was *Sherlock Holmes*. But Daniel Freudenberg, the director of *Secret Service* at the Phoenix, decided that almost nothing in his production should be un-

derplayed. The result is a mild spoof. (How facile the "sophistication" which assumes that such plays are now necessarily more absurd than most of our contemporary hits.) Innocent enough, in all conscience, *Secret Service* is a somewhat more astute piece than it appears to be through the kidding to which it is here subjected.

It is by no means jingo on behalf of the bluecoats against the gray in the War Between the States, which is the time of the play's action. "I can't understand why they have to be so cursed shy ['secret,' I believe I heard the actor say] about their secret service orders." There is a kind of quizzical skepticism toward covert "intelligence" proceedings. The audience, moreover, is not allowed to infer that the North is any more noble than the South or that a spy in gray is

either more upright or more reprehensible than anyone else.

What is clear is that the badly treated blacks favor the "Yankee" forces, but above all that the secret services then, as so often later, are conducted in a manner our G.I.s correctly designated as snafu.

What Bella and Sam Spewack's Hollywood lampoon *Boy Meets Girl* was like when first produced in 1935 I cannot say. (I avoided such plays at the time.) I am sure that its director, George Abbott, a most stage-wise craftsman, made proper comic sense of it. (It is by no means as clever a play as Kaufman and Hart's *Once in a Lifetime*, which is in a similar vein.) The Phoenix production is disastrously amateurish. As a director, John Lithgow, at his best as an actor in David Storey's *The Changing Room*, has to learn (a) that pace does not mean headlong rapidity of speech and strenuous vociferation; and (b) that to be funny, the crazy circumstances of farce must seem to befuddle credible if not necessarily "real" people. To make fools carry on like puppets on supercharged electric wires amounts to making us laugh by cracking us on the sides of our heads. The theatrical judgment of persons who think such handling of this play is funny cannot be taken seriously.

for the success of the event is also due to its director, Oz Scott, who saw the "play" in the material.

In a number of respects this work is unique. Its stress is on the experience of black women—their passionate outcry, as women, within the black community. There is no bad-mouthing the whites: feelings on that score are summed up in the humorously scornful lines addressed to a black man which begin: "ever since I realized there was someone callt a colored girl, a evil woman, a bitch or a nag, I been tryin' not to be that and leave bitterness in somebody elses cup. . . . I finally bein real no longer symmetrical and inervious to pain . . . so why don't we be white then and make everythin' dry and abstract wid no rhythm and no reelin' for sheer sensual pleasure. . . ." The woman who utters these words, like all the others, speaks not so much in apology or explanation of her black condition but in essential human protest against her black lover whose connection with her is the ordinary (white or black) callousness toward women. Thus she asserts "I've lost it/ touch with reality/I know who's doin' it. . . . I should be unsure, if I'm still alive. . . . I survive on intimacy and to-morrow. . . . But bein' alive and bein' a woman and bein' colored is a metaphysical dilemma."

This gives only a pitifully partial notion of the pain and power, as well as the acrid wit—"so redundant in the modern world"—which much of the writing communicates. The thematic emphasis is constantly directed at the stupid crudity and downright brutality of their own men, which, whatever the causes, wound and very nearly destroy their women. These women have been driven to the very limits of their endurance (or "rain-bow") and are desperately tired of hearing their men snivel that they're "sorry." Part of the joy in the performance lay in the ecstatic response of the women in the audience!

There is no black (or white) sentimentality here, no glamorizing of Harlem or any other ghetto existence; there is the eloquence of moral and sensory awareness couched in language powerful in common speech and a vocabulary both precise and soulfully felt.

I liked all the players, but one of them, Trazana Beverley—in her hilarious harangue against the man she has been wooing with no result, and in the most tragically violent story about her goon lover who kills their children—is so shattering in emotion and staggering in diction that I cried out to my neighbors in the seats around me, "That is how Shakespeare and Euripides should be acted!" A wonderful evening! □

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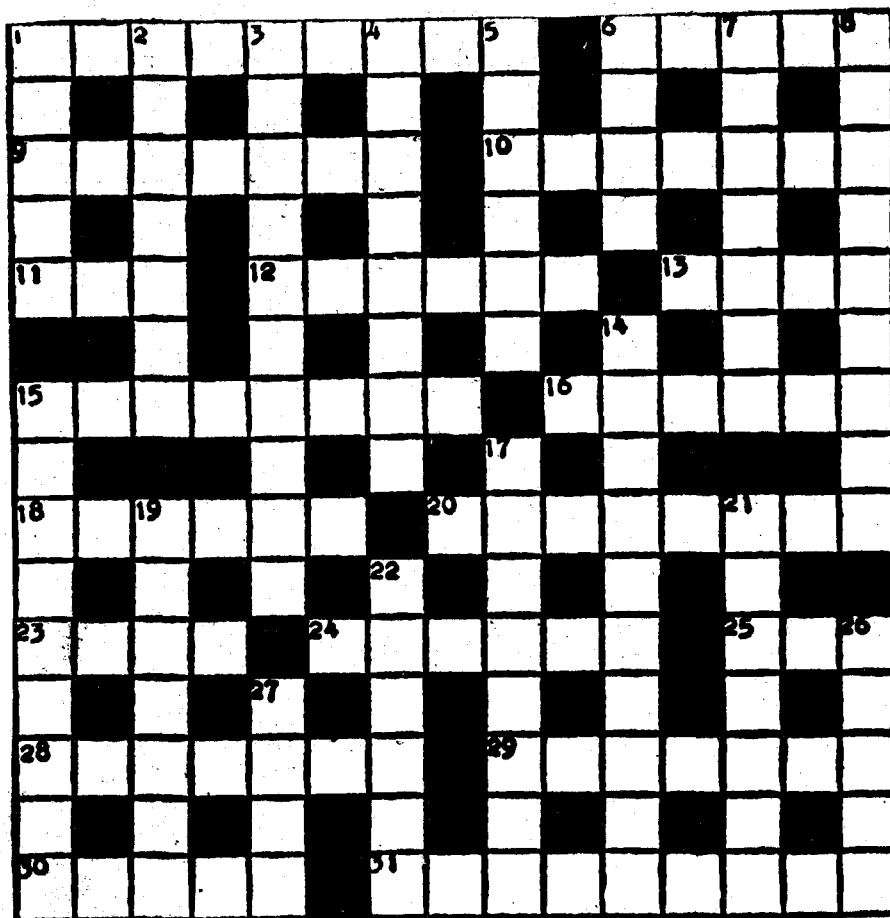
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1630

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Left with some paper, and prepared to make a good case for it. (9)
- 6 Not real spongy ground to you and me! (5)
- 9 Turned to red at the turning. (7)
- 10 In Germany red, and in English a common article of the public building, perhaps. (7)
- 11, 13 and 27 down Heart-broken with a new twist concerning dishes, possibly. (11)
- 12 Net. (6)
- 15 and 23 Pill? To keep fit, you might spend some time with it. (8,4)
- 16 Small landowners circle in 26. (6)
- 18 Tracks things like the Mona Lisa back to third parties in France. (6)
- 20 The speed with which disguised love goes to town. (8)
- 23 See 15 across.
- 24 Sonny, could this be it? (6)
- 25 Set down a song, possibly but not professionally. (3)
- 28 One might trail behind. (7)
- 29 Naturally, it's heaviest. (7)
- 30 Players, with direction, might show class. (5)
- 31 Decals might be so hastened with determination. (7,2)

DOWN

- 1 Shakespearean trash, reputedly. (5)
- 2 Didn't stay up? Certain quitters may be. (7)

- 3 The basis of a prodigal meal might go with so-called "piano legs." (6,4)
- 4 A variety of foothold? (It's incorrectly told about certain government agents.) (8)
- 5 Gore might write letters for her mate. (6)
- 6 Small pieces that may be no good without a brace. (4)
- 7 Material used in rigging hammocks. (7)
- 8 Sailor's girl follows one unaccompanied by lifelessness. (9)
- 14 No real news from here, possibly. (3,7)
- 15 Relating to the process by which material is built up into living matter. (9)
- 17 Does it represent extreme care to throw dice in perfect condition? (8)
- 19 Drinks when a member comes in, as one affirms. (7)
- 21 Does it take an unhealthy turn for some people? (3-4)
- 22 The sort of toys cowards get? (4-2)
- 26 Possible enemy country. (5)
- 27 See 11 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1629

ACROSS: 1 and 5 Back-seat driver; 10 Stair; 11 Easy-going; 12 Orating; 13 Erasers; 14 and 15 Water softener; 18 Encases; 21 Starch; 24 Pillage; 26 Legumes; 27 Realistic; 28 Liege; 29 Years; 30 Educated. DOWN: 1 and 17 Boston Tea-party; 2 Charabanc; 3 and 19 Service station; 4 Avenges; 6 Regnant; 7 Voice; 8 Registry; 9 Oswego; 16 No comment; 20 Sheets; 21 Spliced; 22 Angelic; 23 Ostend; 25 Liana.

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